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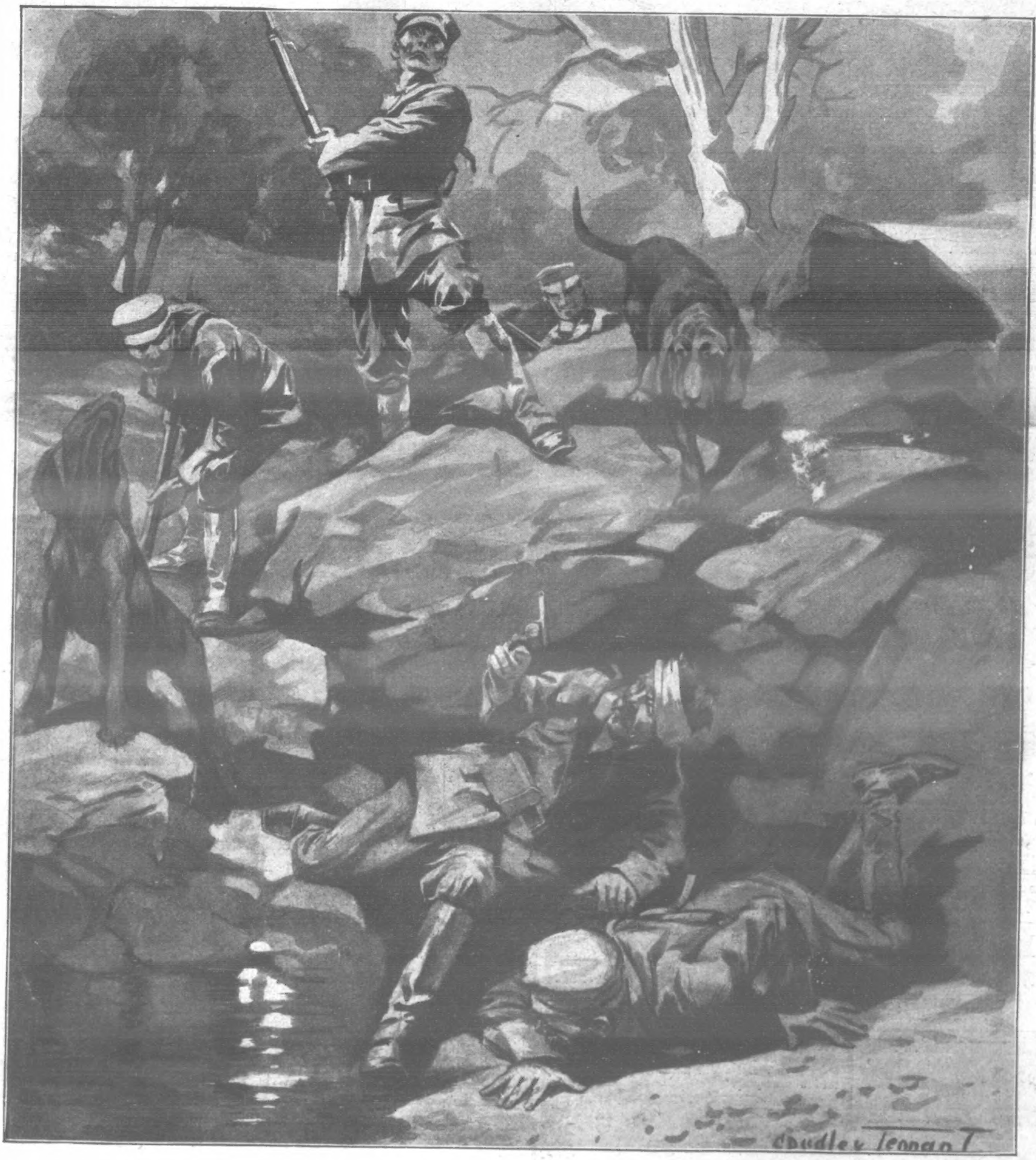
A RUSSIAN "STOP THE WAR" CARTOON.



TO FRIGHTEN RESERVISTS.

A coloured poster similar to this picture is being published broadcast amongst reservists in Russia by the Socialists. They say that the Russian soldiers are sent out to the war to stand up and be shot at, whilst most of the officers escape. The letterpress on the poster further adds that the officers are tracked down by the Japs with bloodhounds.

GIVEN AWAY!
With this Week's
HOME NOTES
(No. 589)
A PAPER PATTERN
of a
SKIRT.
Of all Bookstalls and Newsagents.
Price One Penny.

It dyes the hair a washable Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.
SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.
Of all Hairdressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free, 2/2.—HINDES LTD. Finsbury, London, E.C.
ANNUAL SALE, 362,000 BOTTLES.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

BENSON'S
"BANK" WATCH
In Silver Cases, £5
In Silver Cases, £5

BEST LONDON MADE KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER. chronometer balance.
Can be purchased on the "Times" system of
MONTHLY PAYMENTS:
10/- deposit with Order and 9 payments of 10s each.
No Extra Charge for purchasing this way.
ILLUSTRATED BOOKS—No. 1, of WATCHES, CHAINS, &c.; No. 2, of CLOCKS, PLATE, and BAGS—FREE.
STATE WHICH OR IF BOTH REQUIRED.
STEAM FACTORY:
62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

HINDE'S
Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
real hair savers. WAVERS

THE . . .
PHIT FOOT BOOT
PHIT FOOT BOOT
is made to your own measure — we keep NO stock.
Hand-sewn Welted on Customer's own Lasts, where available, 13/6
Send for Catalogue.
Made to Measure 10/6
BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY, Rushden, Northampton.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS.

Battle by Arrangement.

As we go to press a big naval battle in the Far East seems imminent. Admirals Rojestvensky and Togo would (says the *Chronicle*) have earned the gratitude of war correspondents if they could have arranged their encounter as the English and French arranged their great fight in the Channel for April 14th, 1293. Time and place were agreed upon beforehand, and an empty ship was anchored to mark the exact spot, precisely as if it were to be a regatta and not a sanguinary encounter, in which the English were destined to capture 240 sail.

To Win a Motor Bicycle.

In the next number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* the editor will announce a most interesting prize competition, open to everybody. The first prize will be a motor bicycle.

Titled Ballet Girls.

The Belgian nobility gave at the Nobles Club, Rue Darlon, Brussels, one of the most remarkable amateur performances ever witnessed. Sixty titled ladies formed a spectacular ballet. The production was attended by all aristocratic Brussels, and every lady taking part in the ballet bore a title.

Photo, Press Picture Agency.

PROFESSOR MILNE, the seismologist, and his Japanese wife, whose instrument, in the Isle of Wight, recorded the recent earthquake shocks in India.

The Prime Minister as a Fag.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, is an Eton boy. He was at the school in the early part of the 1860 decade, and is remembered there as a tall, lanky youth, more given to philosophic study than to cricket in the playing-fields. It is an interesting fact that at Eton young Arthur Balfour was the fag of the present Lord Lansdowne, who was then known as Lord Kerry, says the *Westminster Gazette*. "I say, Balfour, here's sixpence; and fetch me a packet of chocolate from the tuckshop," was a command that often fell from the lips of "Kerry"; and, at the sight of "Balfour" going off leisurely, with his nose in a book, he would add, "Be quick!" Even to-day, when he is the principal fag of the nation, Mr. Balfour needs to be told to "hurry up."

Titled Shop-Keepers.

We have heard a good deal of Lady Wimborne's book shop lately, but, says the *Tatler*, she is only one of many. Lady Essex and Mrs. Hwfa Williams run a smart laundry, Lady Duff Gordon is one of our most fashionable dressmakers, her Grace of Abercorn does a thriving dairy business, Lady Rachel Byng keeps a shop for artistic needlework, and Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin makes a good thing out of violet farming.

A Revival of the "Adder-Stone."

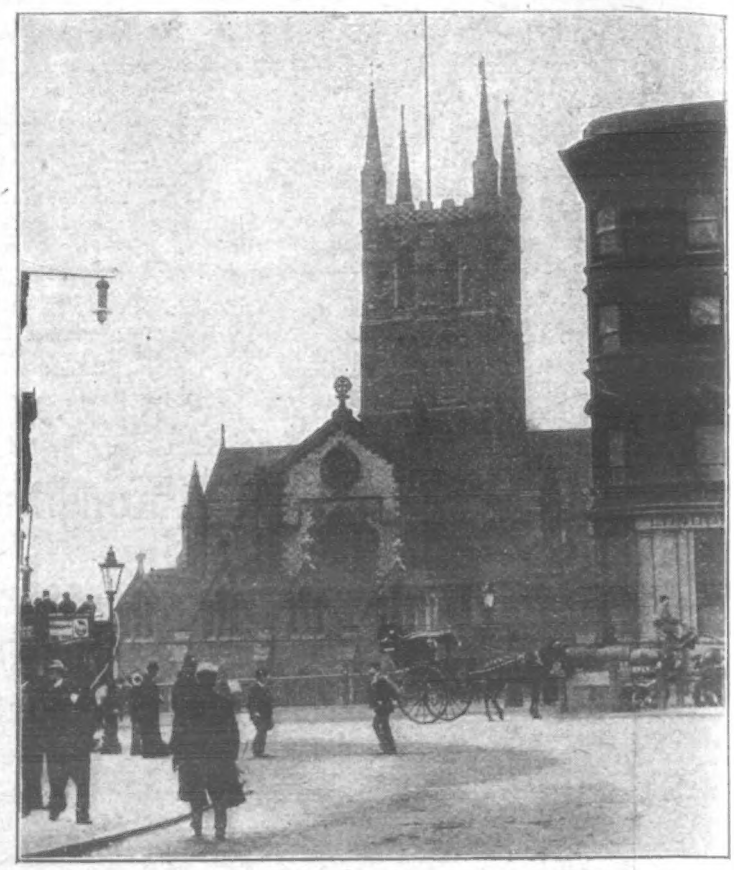
The "adder-stone," which people carry about as an amulet or charm, has no connection with snakes, nor yet is it a stone. It is simply a small glass ring, which is occasionally picked up in South of England rural districts. Antiquaries assign to the adder-stone a date antecedent to the Roman occupation, and the curio is accepted by them as a proof that the ancient Britons knew something about the art of making glass.

The Odd Farthing.

During the year £90 has been contributed in farthings to the funds of the "Home Workers' Association," an organisation founded by Mr. Thomas Holmes, the police-court missionary. The money is subscribed by ladies who have pledged themselves to give the odd farthing on every article they purchase at the draper's which has three farthings attached to the price.

Hotel Maid's Cigarettes.

A Colwyn Bay hotel maid, who was instantly dismissed because she smoked cigarettes, won an action against the proprietors. The judge said though smoking was objectionable it was hardly an offence which justified instant dismissal. "Ladies may smoke—why shouldn't I?" said the girl.



Photo, Advance.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK, which is to be turned into a cathedral on May 1st of this year.

A Shocking Costume.

Owing to an overcrowded boat, three midshipmen from H.M.S. *Bulwark* stripped and swam across the ferry at Corfu. The Kaiser, hearing that the nuns of Ulysses Island had been shocked, signalled to Admiral Sir Compton Domvile: "I hear your midshipmen have been shocking the good nuns by their costumes." The admiral signalled back: "I have heard of the circumstances which your Majesty mentions, but you are misinformed in one particular—these young gentlemen had no costumes."

Lovesick Soldier's Hiding-Place.

A deserter, who had managed to conceal himself for four months, has been found in a secret chamber in a house at Brightlingsea. In a cupboard in a bedroom was a trapdoor, through which entrance was obtained to a secret chamber over the ceiling, and crouched up against the chimney the missing man was found in this apartment. It is said he went into hiding to be near his sweetheart.

King Alfonso and His Horse.

King Alfonso, who arrived at Alicante recently, had a mishap before sailing from Valencia last week. While he was riding through the streets his horse became frightened through being struck by some of the bouquets thrown by the populace, and began to rear and plunge. During its struggles it broke through the line of military guarding the route and knocked over a soldier and several civilians, none of whom, however, was much hurt.

Eloped before her Mother's Eyes.

A romantic elopement is reported from the Department of the Oise, the heroine being a young lady of eighteen, named Mdlle. Clemence, who, on account of her good looks, was known in the district as the belle of the village of Breuil-le-Sec. She and her mother were walking along a country road, when a carriage rapidly overtook them, and came to a standstill. A young man sprang out and placed the girl, apparently nothing loth, in the carriage, and drove off with her.

UNCLE (pompously): "Yes, my lad, my grandfather was killed at Waterloo."
BOY (incredulously): "Was he really now? Which platform?"

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WITH PEN, PENCIL, AND CAMERA.

The King Visits Algiers.

The royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, with the King and Queen on board, entered the harbour here last Sunday. The usual gun salutes were exchanged as the royal yacht dropped anchor in the harbour. Immediately afterwards Mr. Hay Newton, the British Consul, went on board, accompanied by Vice-Admiral de Percin, the naval superintendent of the port, and the military officers who have been ordered to attend the King during his visit. At a quarter to one the Governor-General of Algiers, in full uniform and accompanied by his military staff, paid an official visit to the King, and, after welcoming his Majesty, expressed regret at the bad weather. The King replied that he was pleased to see the rain, as he was informed that there had been too long a drought in Algeria. His Majesty added an invitation to the Governor to dinner. About four o'clock the King landed to return the Governor's visit, and was loudly cheered as he passed through the crowded streets.

King Alfonso's Visit.

We understand that the definite arrangements for the visit of the King of Spain to this country will not be made until the return of King Edward from his Continental tour. The visit being entirely one of ceremony, both Kings must necessarily discuss all the arrangements formally with their advisers. The visit of King Alfonso to England will constitute his Majesty's first journey outside the Peninsula, and his first visit to a foreign country, with the exception of Portugal. It is probable that King Alfonso will soon pay an informal visit to England incognito, since he is very desirous of making an extended stay in this country.

The Primrose League.

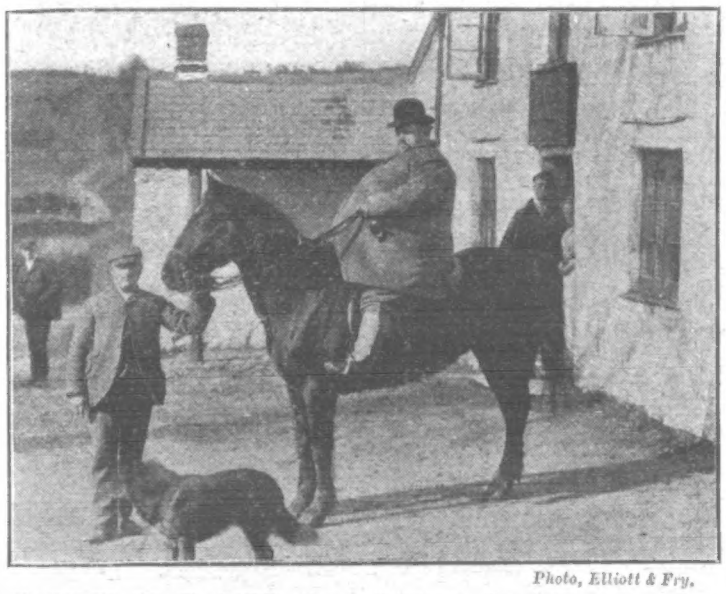
Mr. and Miss Balfour held a reception at Downing Street last Friday in connection with the Primrose League, to which close on 1,000 invitations had been issued. The guests were entertained at supper after the reception.

Famous Judge Dead.

We regret to have to announce the death of Lord St. Helier, who, as Sir Francis Jeune, retired from the presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division in the early part of this year. For several years he had been frequently compelled by ill-health to absent himself from the Bench, and his retirement after the Christmas vacation excited little surprise. The eminent Judge died at his London residence in Harley Street. Born in 1843, the future judge was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. Immediately after taking his degree he came to London to read for the Bar, to which he was called at the Inner Temple in 1868, taking silk twenty years later.

Cabman "Baronet."

No claimant was ever more confident than "Sir George Meredyth, Bart.," the Tasmanian cab proprietor, now spending a few days in London before going to Ireland to "sit tight," as he says, upon the 400 acres of land attaching to the title he already uses. Several communications reached his hotel recently addressed to "Sir George Meredyth." He showed the *Daily Mirror* a letter, written to the owner of the Home and Colonial Hotel, by Lady Meredyth, the widow of the late Sir Edward Meredyth, Bart., who died in October last. In this her ladyship asked for an interview with the claimant. Referring to the occasion when he was visited at the Home and Colonial Hotel by Sir Edward and Lady Meredyth, the Tasmanian claimant recalled that the baronet, turning to his wife, said: "Agnes, I have been looking at George, and he is more like my family, particularly one of my sisters, than I am. He is the right man." The fact that one of the London papers made him seventy-four years of age, whereas he is only seventy-three, greatly displeased the new Irish baronet. "I am not old," he added, looking as young as he could. "I could vault over that table," he said, but didn't. Adverting to his personal habits, "Sir George" mentioned that he smoked day and night. Frequently he would awake about two o'clock in the morning and light a candle to see the smoke, as he did not enjoy the weed unless the fumes were visible.



Photo, Elliott & Fry.

FARMER W. H. RIDD, the well-known Devonshire sporting farmer, who, though he weighs 26 stone, rides regularly to hounds.

Photo, C. H. Park.

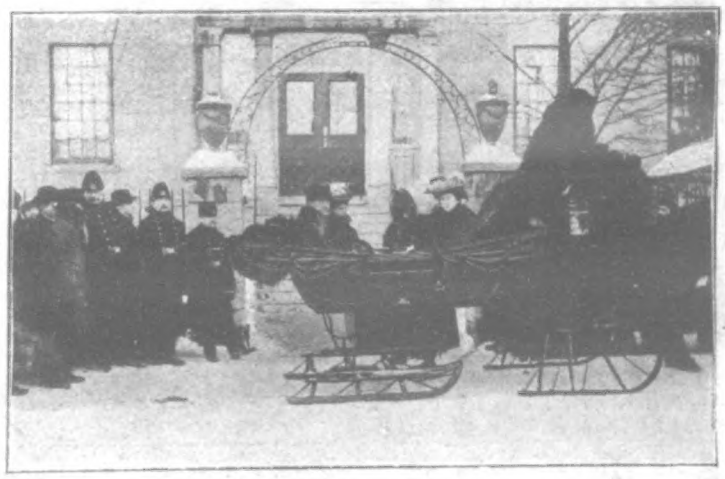
"SIR GEORGE MEREDYTH, BART."
The Tasmanian Cab Proprietor who is claiming the title.

Photo, Haines.

A CABINET MINISTER IN AN UNFAMILIAR DRESS: The Right Hon. W. H. Long, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, in Volunteer uniform.

Lady Curzon and the Earthquake.

Lady Curzon has intimated to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab her desire that all the Europeans and Indians injured in the earthquake who can be moved shall be brought to Simla to be medically treated at the Walker and Ripon hospitals as the guests of her ladyship. Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons have forwarded £2,000 to Lord Curzon towards the earthquake relief fund.



OUTSIDE THE GATE OF THE MONTREAL HOSPITAL: The first visit to Montreal of his Excellency Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada. The Countess Grey is seated beside him and their daughter in front. Note the curious sleigh-carriage.

Appalling Death-roll.

The Secretary of State for India has received the following telegram from the Viceroy, dated April 12th:—"Government of the Punjab repeats following further telegram, dated April 10th., from Commissioner Jullundur, at Dharmsala:—'Three hundred natives reported killed Sultanpur town; 200 Mandi. Suket reported suffered severely. Civil native casualties, Dharmsala, total 424. Bazaars and servants of Europeans, 384. Gaol and police, 40. All these have been exhumed, burnt, or buried. On information before me, roughly estimate loss in whole Palampur Tahsil at 3,000; in Kangra Tahsil at 10,000. Medical relief centres have been established at important places Dharmsala, civil and military stations, Palampur, Kangra, and Jowala Mukhi. All demands for medical assistance have been complied with.'"

Women's Splendid Rescue Work.

Major Browning-Smith, writing from Kangra, states that the Goorkhas worked like Trojans in recovering the bodies of those who were killed in the earthquake and rescuing the injured. The European women behaved with splendid devotion. Many of them who had lost their dearest relatives worked for, and nursed and fed, the injured, giving up the few spare clothes they had saved and the little shelter that was available for themselves. Their action was beyond all praise. The medical officer at Palampur reports that the tea-gardens, houses, and factories have all been destroyed except two, and adds that it will probably be impossible to manufacture tea this year.

Photo, C. H. Park.

A CHURCH AS POST-OFFICE: This building was formerly a church, and still retains its outside shape, but its interior has been fitted up as a post-office. It is situated beside Clapham Common.

Photo, Polak.

One of the new motor-boats which took part in the recent races at Monaco.

PALM SUNDAY AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

The Sub Deacon knocking at the closed door with the Processional Cross after the chanting of the "Gloria Laus" during the Procession of the Palms

The Cellar Murder.

A rag and bone merchant named Daniel Shields, while pursuing his occupation in the slums of Ancoats, Manchester, discovered the mutilated body of Thomas Smith (aged fifteen) in the cellar of an uninhabited house. Smith, who left home a fortnight last Tuesday in search of work, lived at Wood Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock. At the mortuary, whither the ghastly remains were conveyed by the police, the mother's grief was pitiful to see.

Photo, Topical.

The street where the body of Thomas Smith was discovered in a cellar.

The theory is that the crime is the work of a semi-maniac, and the police are hot on the trail of a certain individual.

M. Trebini, the famous violinist, now appearing at the Bechstein Hall, London. (See "P.I.P." Playgoer.)

Tin Trunk Tragedy.

A shocking tragedy was discovered last Thursday at Kensal Rise, when three bodies (that of a woman and her two children) were found securely packed in a large tin trunk, which had been stored at the repository of Messrs. Banister, Buller Road, Kensal Rise. The husband of the deceased woman, a young man named Devereux, is now in custody, and stands charged with triple murder. When arrested, he replied that he would be able to prove his innocence.

The Deptford Murder.

Two sovereigns and a half-crown which the Deptford police have found buried in a narrow passage leading from Deptford to Lewisham are thought to form part of the money stolen from the shop at 34, High-street, Deptford, where the murder by masked burglars was committed.

Headmaster Wins.

"Blind's letter was in my opinion most offensive and impertinent. Fancy a schoolboy asking the headmaster to reply to him in the public Press and to 'specify with the needful precision'! Have you ever heard of a boy of eighteen asking the headmaster of his school 'to specify with the needful precision'?" Such was one of Dr. H. J. Spenser's replies to counsel in Mr. Justice Lawrance's court when the judge and jury resumed the hearing of the case in which Harold Edward Blind, a former pupil of the University College School, was suing the headmaster for libel. The alleged libel was a charge of ungentlemanly conduct contained in a letter read to the school and posted up in one of the corridors, and the "ungentlemanly conduct" was Blind's action in writing to the *Morning Post* regretting that the school cadet corps, in which he was a sergeant, was to be transferred from the London Rifle Brigade to the "Artists." After a two days' hearing the jury found for the headmaster. The judge ruled that Dr. Spenser's letter was privileged, and the jury returned a verdict in the headmaster's favour. Judgment was therefore entered for the schoolmaster, with costs.

Servant's Violin Practice.

An Exeter tradesman was summoned last week for an alleged assault upon a domestic servant, committed while attempting to turn her out of his house. The tradesman said that the girl was in the habit of neglecting her duties and shutting herself in the scullery while she practised upon her violin. The case was dismissed.

"Box and Cox" in the Courts.

A comedy reminiscent of "Box and Cox" was witnessed in the Law Courts one day last week, owing to the fact that there were more judges present than courts to accommodate them. Mr. Justice Walton sat in King's Bench IX. at 10.30 to deliver a judgment. He made way at about eleven o'clock for Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, who resumed the hearing of a case. Utilising the luncheon interval, Mr. Justice Walton again made his entry into the court at 1.45 to deliver another judgment, and was once more succeeded by Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence. Mr. Justice Warrington and Mr. Justice Jelf have been holding courts in private rooms.

A One-man Orchestra.

Two marvellous new musical instruments, by the aid of which one man is able to produce the effect of a complete orchestra, will be heard shortly at the Hippodrome. One of these instruments is a development of the accordion, with 170 notes and double keys, weighing sixteen pounds. The other is the armonipede, on which the performer can play any melody he wishes, pressing both the keys and bellows with his feet. The inventor of the one-man orchestra is Signor Dell' Oro, an Italian composer of considerable note, who has come to the Hippodrome from Lombardy. He has played, in the course of his career, before all the ruling families of Europe.

Photo, Topical.

Thomas Smith, the fifteen-year-old victim of the Manchester cellar murder.

Four Important Judgments.

The House of Lords arrived at four important decisions last Friday. In dealing with two cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act, they decided that—

The relatives of a workman who dies from anthrax contracted while at work can claim compensation.

A sailor injured while on a ship cannot recover damages.

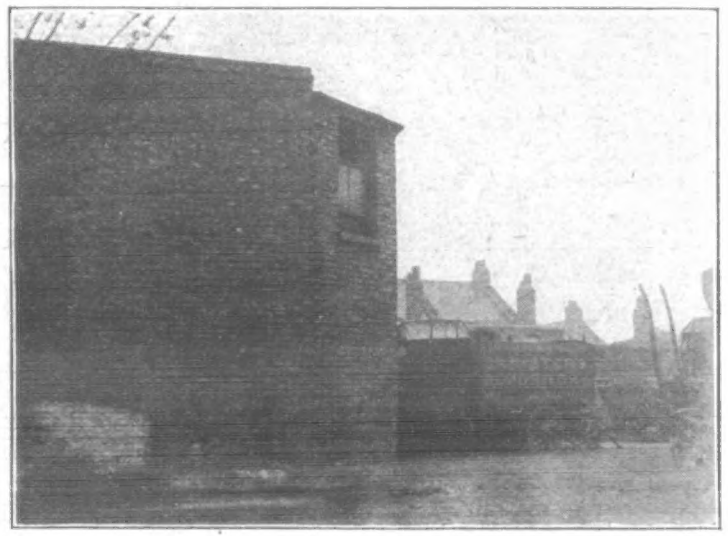
In a case in which £37,000 was involved, it was decided that the South Wales Miners' Federation were liable in respect of advice to men to stop work on certain days in order to whereby the Yorkshire Miners Association were restrained from misapplying their funds in connection with the famous Denaby dispute.

Life Under the Sky.

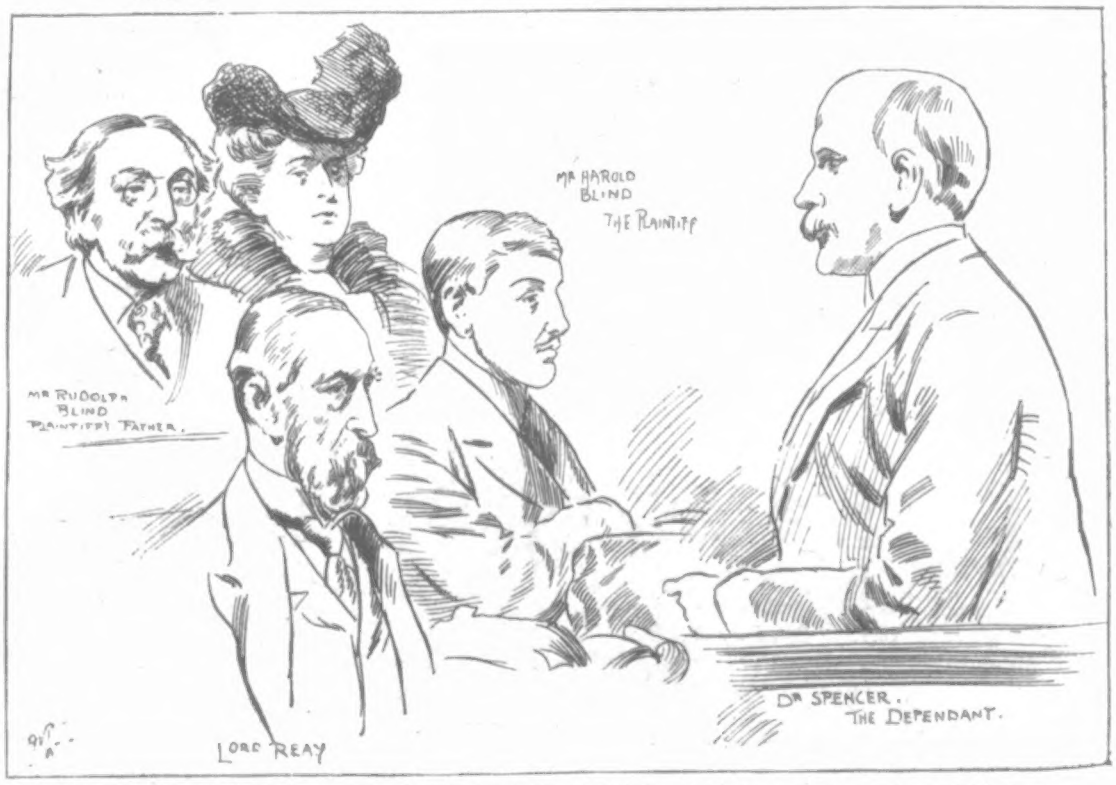
Two men have been living an open-air life at Purleigh, Essex, for two years. One of them holds a responsible position in a large shipping office; the other, who has cut himself entirely adrift from City life, devotes himself to agricultural work. They are the owners of three acres of freehold land on which stands a tent, which is their guest chamber. It is furnished with a small table, roughly made from a tree which once grew on their estate, and a number of cooking utensils. Unless the rain drives them to the shelter of the tent they sleep in the open. Their beds, which are spread behind the tent, consist of mackintosh ground sheets and woollen sleeping-sacks and rugs. Both the men are vegetarians.

The house which Devereux occupied with his wife and children at Kensal Rise.

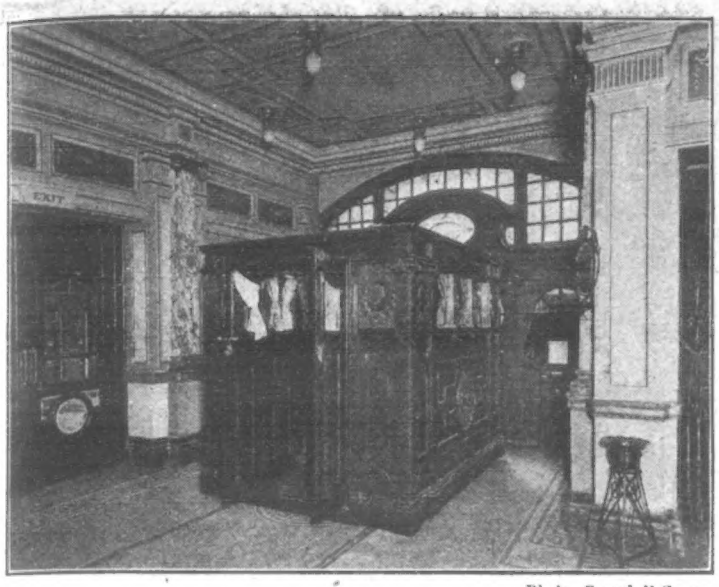
restrict the coal output because they had induced the men to break their contracts. The Lords of Appeal, by three votes to two, also affirmed the judgment of Mr. Justice Grantham,



Messrs. Banister's depository where the trunk containing the bodies of Mrs. Devereux and her children was found.



SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS: the schoolmaster and pupil libel case.



Photo, Campbell Gray.

The Electric Car inside the Coliseum, London, which is used only for conveying Royalty to the Royal Box.

Lord Chelmsford's Funeral.

Lord Chelmsford was buried on April 13th at Brompton Cemetery, after a funeral service at St. Jude's, Collingham-road. The funeral procession left Knaresborough place at eleven o'clock for the church, re-forming after the service, and proceeding to the cemetery in the following order :—

Advanced file 2nd Life Guards.
Firing party of Irish Guards.
Three companies Irish Guards.
"Y" Battery R.H.A.
2nd Life Guards.
Band Irish Guards.
GUN CARRIAGE.
PALL BEARERS: Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, General Sir Godfrey Clerk, General F. Stevenson, General Sir Martin Dillon, General J. Gordon, Lieut.-General Sir W. P. Wright, &c.
THE CHARGER.
Twelve men 2nd Life Guards.
Mourners.

Photo, G. Vandyk.

The Late General Lord Chelmsford.

Handymen in the Kitchen.

The "handyman" has taken the place of the charwoman in the kitchens of the great. This season spring cleaning in Belgravia and Mayfair is being done by a brigade of bluejackets, who are quite willing to extend their operations to the suburbs. Wherever duty calls, the new spring cleaners will swab the dining-room decks, go aloft and reef the drawing-room curtains, and lay the carpets too. They will paint and paper with a despatch which no house decorator has ever yet reached, and which will bring joy to every housewife's heart. The Admiralty is taking a keen interest in this up-to-date form of spring cleaning, and has promised to assist the members of the brigade by providing work. Many prominent ladies, including Lady Russell of Killowen and Lady Henn Collins, have promised support. Forty sailors have been mobilised, and are in action now. Several hundred more are in reserve waiting the word to go into action against the forces of dirt. "They have all been in the Navy, and left the service with a very good character," said Mr. W. M. Thomson, general manager of the Bluejackets' Labour Brigade, the organiser of this novel corps of spring cleaners. "Sailors," he explained, "make splendid domestics. The atmosphere of the cook's galley is life to them. On board much work falls to their lot which is done by women on land. They are cleaner, quicker, and stronger than ordinary charwomen. Customers who have tried bluejackets declare they will never go back to the ordinary kind of service." Eightpence an hour is the minimum rate, and two hours the minimum time, but the brigade are quite prepared to give inclusive estimates when their services are required for longer periods.

A Destroyer's Leap.

The collision in the Solent between the destroyer *Spiteful* and the ketch *Preciosa* was investigated at a naval court of inquiry held in private at Portsmouth, and presided over by Captain E. S. Fitzherbert, of H.M.S. *Canopus*, flagship of the Portsmouth Reserve Division. The accident, which resulted in the loss of two lives, proves to have been one of the most remarkable on record. Being laden with cement, the ketch was like a stone wall, and the marks on the destroyer show that she did not cut the barge in half, but passed right over her. It is marvellous that the destroyer did not sink. A careful examination of the *Spiteful*, made in dock at Portsmouth, reveals the fact that her bows are cut away for nearly twenty feet from just above the water-line, and that the steel plates are bent round to the port side as if they were lead. Before the vessel can be of service again a new bow extending from the engine-room will be necessary. Almost in line with the partition of the bulkhead, which undoubtedly saved the destroyer from sinking, a large hole had been torn in her bottom, which, if a few feet further astern, would have filled the engine-room with water.

Lifeboat Rescue on the Durham Coast.

Last week the steamer *Enriqueta*, belonging to the Coast Transit Company, Grangemouth, while on a voyage from Lowestoft to Newcastle, drove ashore on the Black Steel, Whitburn, between the Wear and the Tyne, and remains. She was under the command of Captain Hammer, and carried a crew of eleven. Despite the heavy sea that was running, the Whitburn lifeboat put to sea and succeeded in landing the crew.

Lifeboat Awards.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution held recently, a special grant of £100, was devoted towards the fund being raised for the benefit of the families of five men who lost their lives at Holyhead on February 26th when endeavouring to save life from vessels in distress. Rewards amounting to £1,474 were granted for services rendered by the lifeboats of the Institution during the past month, in which period they were launched to vessels in distress on no less than seventy-eight occasions, and saved seventy-nine lives in addition to assisting to save two vessels from destruction. Pecuniary rewards were also voted to the crews of shore boats for saving life. Payments amounting to £6,349 were ordered to be made in connection with the 285 lifeboat establishments of the Institution. New lifeboats have just been sent to the Mablethorpe and Mumbles Stations. Reports having been read from the Chief Inspector of Lifeboats and the District Inspectors on their recent visits to the various lifeboat stations, the proceedings terminated.

Naval Reserve Lieutenant Court-martialled.

At a naval court-martial, held on the *Niobe* at Devonport, Acting-Lieutenant Charles John Hamilton, Royal Naval Reserve, pleaded guilty to being drunk on duty on March 31st. A battalion of seamen gunners of the *Cambridge* were landed at Trevol, Cornwall, for drill, on which occasion the prisoner was missed. He was found later in the mess-room at the drill field in a drunken condition. The prisoner said he had recently recovered from influenza, and very little liquor overcame him. He had served in the Naval Reserve for seventeen years, and his service certificates and mercantile discharges had all been satisfactory. The prisoner was sentenced to be deprived of twelve months' seniority, and was dismissed his ship.

A Jap Jack Tar and his Supper.

"Try to Forget."

The £100 prize song competition has been won by the author of "Try to Forget." Dr. Cummings, the director of the Guildhall School of Music, was the judge, and in his remarks on the song he says: "'Try to Forget' is not difficult; it has good words, suitable for men or women, and is very tuneful, and ought easily to become popular." Full details of the result of the contest will appear in each copy of "Try to Forget," which will be on sale everywhere on May 1st next, and which will form Part 9 of Pearson's Sixpenny Music.

To Catch Recruits.

A change in the methods of obtaining recruits for the army is proposed by the military authorities, which involves a return to the old principle of each regiment canvassing for its own men. It is proposed that the regiments and battalions at home shall send out smart non-commissioned officers into prescribed areas, and so show intending recruits the uniform of the corps to which they may be asked to belong. So many different uniforms seen about the streets would, it is thought, have an attractive effect, and result in more men being enlisted. The present system of securing enlistments by means of a special staff of paid recruiters would be abolished, as it does not bring the best results, owing to the unattractive and sombre uniforms worn.

Sir William Arrol, M.P.

Sir William Arrol, M.P., who has been presented with a silver vase in recognition of the fact that he travelled over 300 miles on his wedding day to vote for the Government, has had a marvellous career. Forty years ago he was earning a few shillings a week in a cotton mill; four years later he was a blacksmith's striker, and he married his first wife when little more than a boy on 30s. a week. Since then he has built the Forth Bridge at a cost of £1,600,000, the Tay Bridge, and the Tower Bridge, London, and carried out great engineering schemes innumerable.

From the Grave to Gaol.

An extraordinary story of mistaken identity with a comic conclusion was told in the Glasgow Police Court. In 1898 Daniel Grant, of Elgin, tired of the monotony of the Highlands, left his wife and his six children, and wandered. Two years later his wife heard that a man who bore a striking resemblance to her wandering husband was lying dead in a Glasgow workhouse. She went there and identified the body as that of her husband. She brought the body to her home, summoned her friends, and "waked" the corpse in Highland fashion. He was duly buried, his wife arrayed herself in widow's weeds, collected the sum for which Grant had insured his life, and mourned him long as dead. A week or two ago a friend of the supposed "dead man" met him in a Lancashire town. Grant was then drunk. A few days ago he confronted his wife, who, learning that he had been roving about England and Scotland for five years, took out a summons against him. He was then sentenced to sixty days in gaol for desertion.

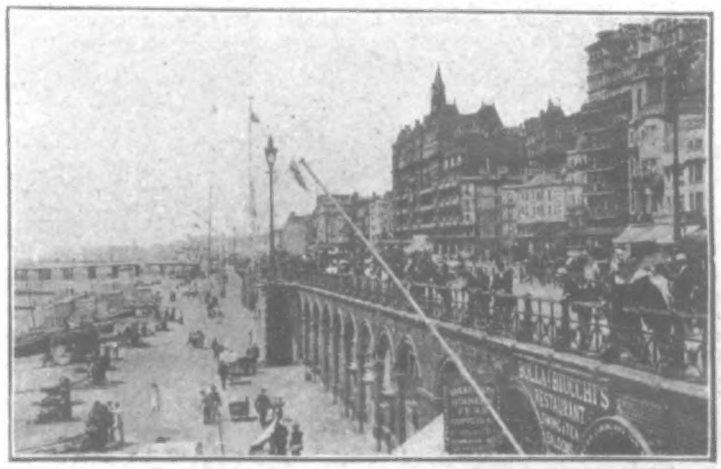
Photo, Lallie Charles.

CHARMING MISS DORIS DEAN, who has just won the Beauty Prize at the Crystal Palace.

Sir William Arrol, M.P., to whom a presentation was made last week.

Photo, Frith.

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
Southend Pier (one of the longest in the world), taken from the front.



Photo, Fr[illegible].

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
King's Road, Brighton, taken from the Parade.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

THE CUP FINAL.

Rarely has it happened that a team wins the English Cup at the first time of asking, and Newcastle United have not proved one of the exceptions to the general rule. They lost last Saturday to a better team on the day, for there is no gainsaying the fact that Aston

Photo, Whitlock.

Spencer, the Villa Captain.

Villa played a winning game right from the start, and, moreover, deserved the victory of 2 goals to 0 that was ultimately theirs. I was surprised at the vigour with which the Villa forwards went off, for they were unfortunate enough to have to face both wind and sun in the first half.

But the conditions appeared to make no manner of difference to the experienced Cup-fighters, who simply nonplussed the Newcastle men by resolute dashes and smart, long crossing from wing to wing. Brawn was the first man to take the eye, and Brawn was one of the chief factors in upsetting the vaunted method of the Novocastrians. Carr was like a child before the flying outside right of the Villa, who vividly recalled the best days of Athersmith. High praise this, but not a whit undeserved. There was a slack moment after Brawn's dash—then a bewildering bout of lightning-like passes, and exactly two minutes and a quarter from the start Hampton had beaten Lawrence, a success which sent the 101,000 spectators in ecstasies. It was a vast crowd waving in intense excitement. But the arrangement of the Palace ground had been so splendidly thought out that, despite all the swaying, no accident occurred.

I had Mr. W. McGregor, "father of the League," beside me just before half-time, and I jokingly asked him if he would be surprised if that goal of Hampton's in the opening minute or two should decide the match. He said he would not, for the defence of both sides had by that time steadied down, and Lawrence and George were keeping their respective goals in irreproachable style. Lawrence had begun nervously, but no blame attaches to him for the "licking" that his side had to endure.

It was well on in the second half when the second goal came; in fact, less than a quarter of an hour was left for play. Then Hall (who only just missed his International cap this season) took a flying left-footed drive at Lawrence, who did exceedingly well in handing the ball out. In doing so the Newcastle goalkeeper fell, and, ere he could recover, the ever-watchful Hampton had dashed up and sent the ball into the net. All was now as good as over, and the Villa won the most-coveted trophy in existence for the fourth time.

Though Newcastle were not up to the form which has gained them the name of the "modern team of talents," yet the game was a rattling good one to watch. In fact, I cannot call to mind a better, except, perhaps, that in 1897, when Aston Villa and Everton met, the Villa winning by 3 goals to 2.

There was not a deal to choose between the defence of the Villa and that of Newcastle last Saturday. Lawrence had a lot more work to do than George, but the latter's position was no sinecure, and the old International had to bring out "his last ounce" at times. McCombie and Carr were not so reliable as a pair as were Spencer and Miles, the latter of whom, I thought, was the best back on the ground, though Spencer's judgment was superb. The vaunted half-back line of Newcastle were brilliant and moderately good by turns. Aitken was the most consistent of the three, but even the great artist suffered by comparison with Leake, who played a champion

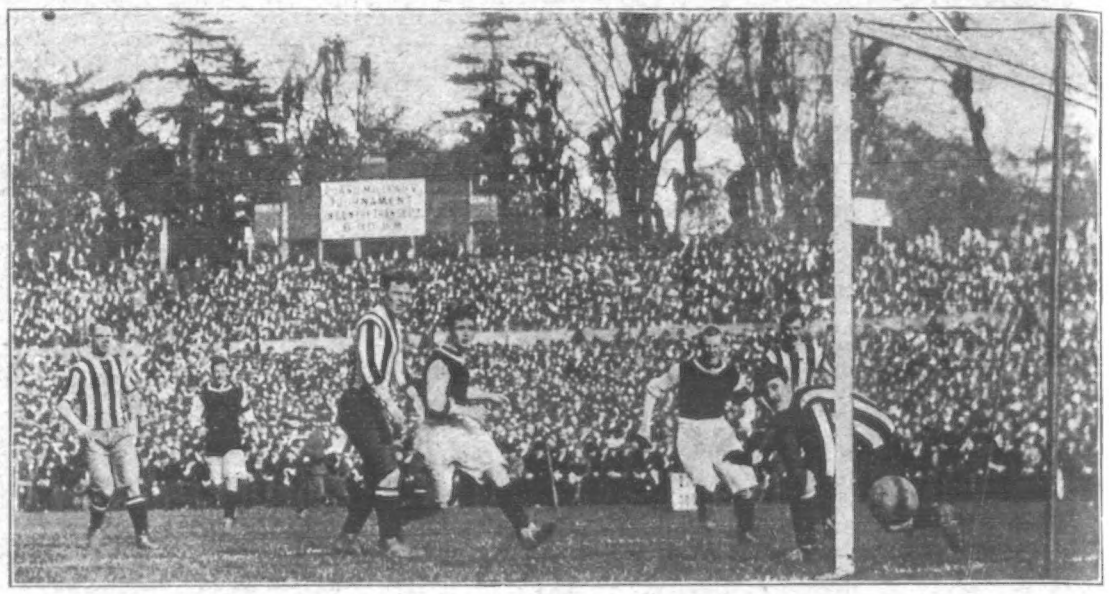
Photo, Thompson & Lee.

Mr. A. Aitken, Captain of the Newcastle United.

game for the Villa. The Newcastle forwards, except for the ten minutes immediately following the first goal, rarely got going. Gosnell and Rutherford on the extreme wings swung in some rattling centres, while Veitch, Appleyard, and Howie—the three insides—were clever, but not sufficiently so to break down the cast-iron defence of the Birmingham team. Brawn and Garratty gave Carr no end of trouble all through the game, and on the Villa left wing Hall and Bache displayed a capital understanding. Hampton's thrust and resource, to say nothing of his two goals, had a deal to do with the Villa's victory, and the young centre-forward has good reason to remember his first final tie.

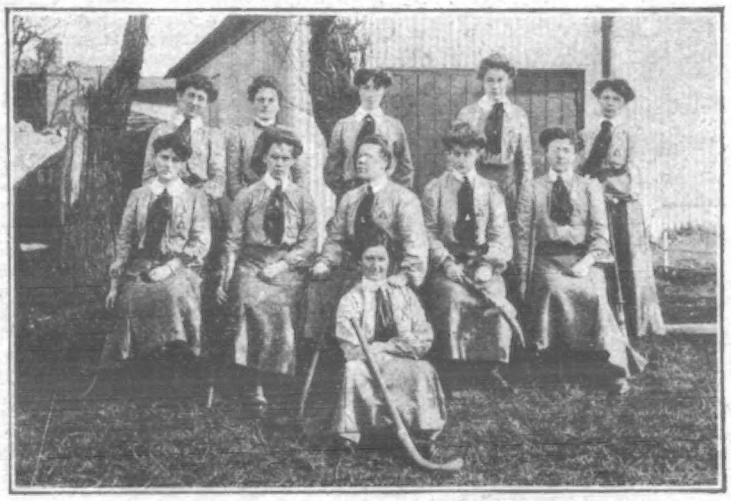
Only five matches were played in the First Division of the League, but they brought plenty of food for reflection in their train. Everton strengthened their position at the head of the table by beating Small Heath, while Manchester City damaged what chance they had of gaining championship honours by only drawing on their own ground with Sheffield Wednesday, the result being a goal each. The Arsenal provided the sensation of the afternoon by allowing Notts County to win at Plumstead by 2—1, this being the County's first League victory since November last. Middlesbrough made themselves safe from descent to the second division by beating the Rovers at Blackburn by 2—0, while Bury suffered yet another reverse at Stoke. The second division honours still hang in the balance, as Liverpool, Bolton Wanderers, and Manchester United all won their games.

In the Southern League, Bristol Rovers have practically a clear course, for they made a draw at Reading on Saturday, whereas Southampton were badly whipped on their own midden by the resuscitated "Lions" of Millwall. With three points in hand of Reading and Southampton, the Rovers are almost certain to attain their desire.



Photo, Russell.

THE CUP FINAL: The Villa score in the first five minutes.

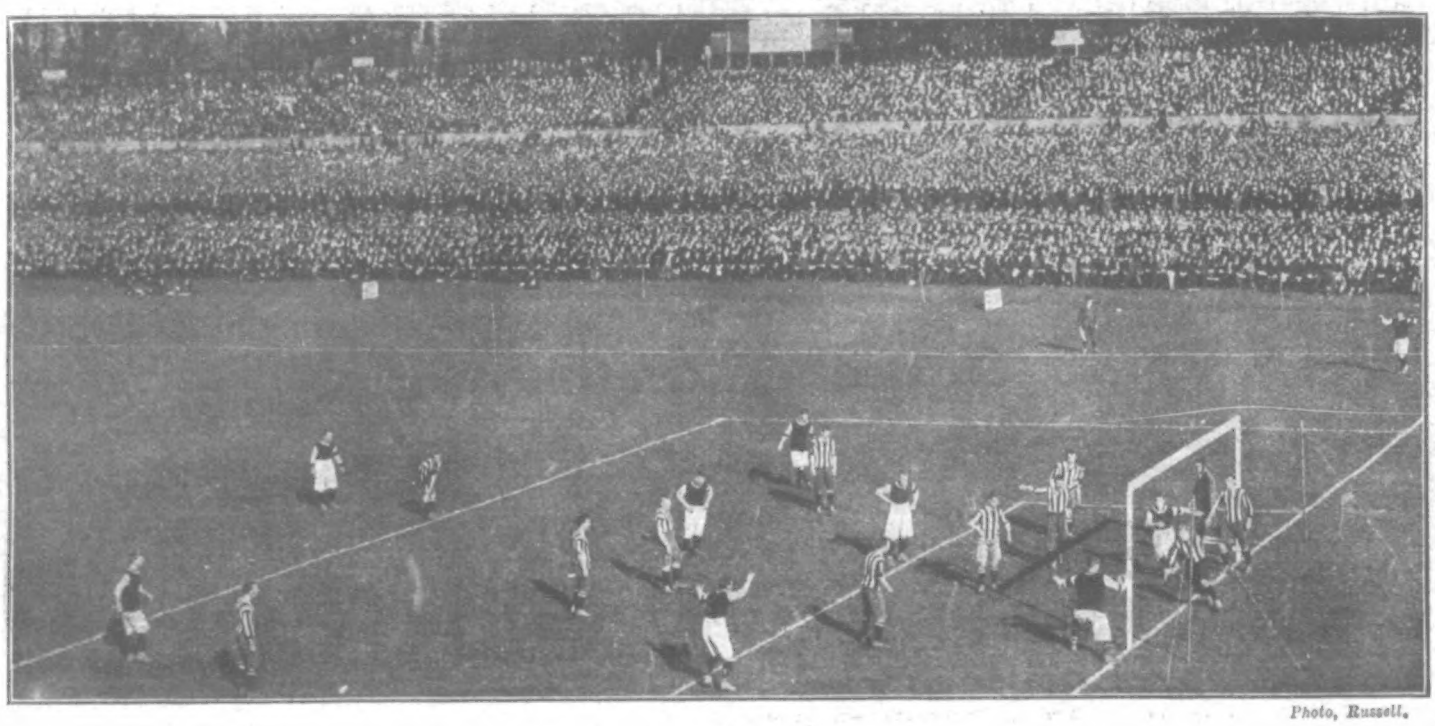


Photo, Lafayette.

THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH: Played at Dublin, April 8: The Irish team.

Photo, Lafayette.

THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH: Played at Dublin, April 8. The Scottish team, who won by 4 goals to 3.



Photo, Russell.

ATTACK BY THE VILLA FROM A CORNER BY HALL: Lawrence saving.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Amateur Athletic Association are evidently determined that the reason for their existence shall be a real and substantial one. Their business is to keep pure a sport which is very dear to the heart of the athlete, and, much as International contests are to be encouraged when promoted for sport's sake alone, there is a chance of the thing being overdone.

Naturally Shrubb and Duffey are in my thoughts as I write in this strain and to their names must be added, that of J. W. Morton the holder of the 100yds. championship. The two Englishmen have been invited to compete at the Wanderers' sports at Johannesburg, all expenses to be guaranteed by that club or the South African Amateur Athletic Association, but it found no favour with the home governing body, and they will not compete.

Both Shrubb and Duffey competed at the International sports meeting at Sydney last Saturday. Duffey, who has not met with a great deal of success down under—considering his class—was beaten in the 100yds. championship by Barker (University) in the slow time—for him—of 10⅕sec. Shrubb had better fortune for he won the mile in 4min. 26⅗secs. The course was a grass one but it could have had little or no effect on the running.

By the way, Shrubb's records from 5 miles to one hour were passed at the Association's meeting, and G. E. Larner's one and two mile times made at the Manchester City Police Sports in 1904 also met with the approval of the authorities. It may be of interest to give them in full, so here they are.

Shrubb's times were made at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, on November 5th, 1904, and had been passed by the Scottish Athletic Association. 5 miles, 24min. 55⅕sec.; 6 miles, 29min. 59⅗sec.; 7 miles, 35min. 42⅖sec.; 8 miles, 40min. 16sec.; 9 miles, 45min. 27⅗sec.; 10 miles, 50min. 40⅗sec.; 11 miles, 56min. 23⅘sec.; 1 hour, 11 miles 1136 yds. Larner's mile walk was done in 6min. 26sec., and his two miles in 13min. 11⅘sec. Both performances are very good, and everybody must rejoice that nothing has occurred to prevent their times being added to the records.

The Surbiton Athletic meeting is one of the oldest and most attractive of any gathering within touch of the metropolitan area. Every athlete of any class, no matter which branch of sport is his particular love, is generally seen competing, and Saturday was no exception. W. A. Fitzgerald, of the Surbiton Lacrosse Club, won the quarter of a mile invitation handicap with 27yds. start in 51⅖sec., and in the two miles C. S. Silsby had no difficulty in winning with his useful start of 245yds., the time being 9min. 31⅘sec.

The Belgrave Harriers decided a couple of events in the neighbourhood of Pimlico. These were a half-mile running handicap and a two miles walking handicap. R. A. Ilsley won the former and H. J. Still the latter event.

At a meeting of the National Cyclists' Union the Birmingham Championship Meeting was definitely fixed for July 29th, and the five and twenty-five miles will take place at Gosforth, Newcastle, on June 24th, the track company having agreed to resurface the track and improve the banking.

RUSSIA AND THE WAR.

SOME INTERESTING POINTS.

Kidnapped by Cossacks.

It is reported that when Mukden was evacuated the Cossacks kidnapped General Tseng, Governor of Manchuria, and carried him off in a sedan chair.

Photo, Raffi.

Antonius, the powerful Bishop of St. Petersburg.

Resisting strongly, he said he was anxious to commit suicide. He was subsequently released, but his seals, with which the Cossacks wished to get food from the Chinese, were stolen.

The Tsar's Pilgrimage.

The Tsar will shortly make a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Serafin at Sarafsbaya to implore the saint's bones to save the Russian army in Manchuria from defeat.

The *Schlesische Zeitung* states that the Tsar will prostrate himself before the saint's tomb, and, crawling along the floor on his hands and knees to the crypt, will kiss the saint's bones, which are there enshrined.

Several Grand Dukes and a distinguished company of courtiers and soldiers and high State officials will accompany the Tsar and go through the same ceremony.

It was to St. Serafin that the Tsar made pilgrimage last July to pray for a son, who was born to him in August.

"Tsar, Assassin!"

At the village of Smolensk, near St. Petersburg, the workmen made a great demonstration on the occasion of the burial of Dimitri Alexeieff, who was shot by a policeman.

Photo, Raffi.

The Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, the cousin of the Tsar, who recently translated and acted "Hamlet."

At eight o'clock in the morning the coffin was brought from the village chapel to the cemetery, where, although the morning was cold and stormy, with snow falling heavily, 6,000 workmen, with red flags, wreaths, and red streamers, awaited the funeral procession.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, thousands of revolutionary proclamations were thrown in with it, while shouts of "Death to the murderers!" and "Down with autocracy!" were raised by the workmen present.

Agitators then made speeches, urging the workmen to arm themselves. The excited crowd raised their arms and swore aloud to avenge the death of Dimitri Alexeieff. A procession was formed, and cries of "Death to the Tsar, the assassin!" were raised.

At this juncture a large force of mounted and foot soldiers appeared on the scene. The police charged the mob, and seized all the wreaths and banners.

No one was seriously injured.

Fleets Compared.

A comparison of the strength of the two fleets can best be made as follows:

	Japan.	Russia.
Battleships and coast-defence ships.....	5	11
Armoured cruisers...	8	3
Protected cruisers...	18	6
Unprotected cruisers	11	0
Torpedo craft.....	94	15

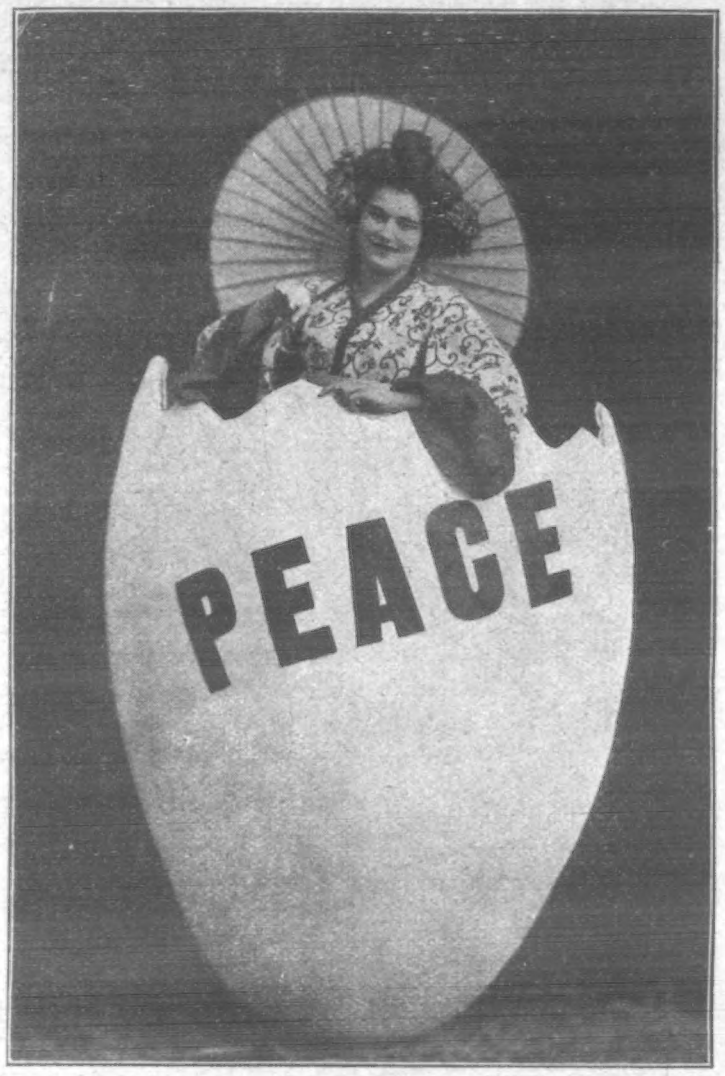
The supreme strength of Rojestvensky's fleet lies in the four modern warships, all of 13,500 tons displacement, and built only last year.

As a counterbalancing advantage, Admiral Togo has eight armoured cruisers, all very fast, and armed with heavy guns.

The great strength of torpedo craft possessed by the Japanese is also an immense advantage, and should alone turn the tide of battle in their favour.

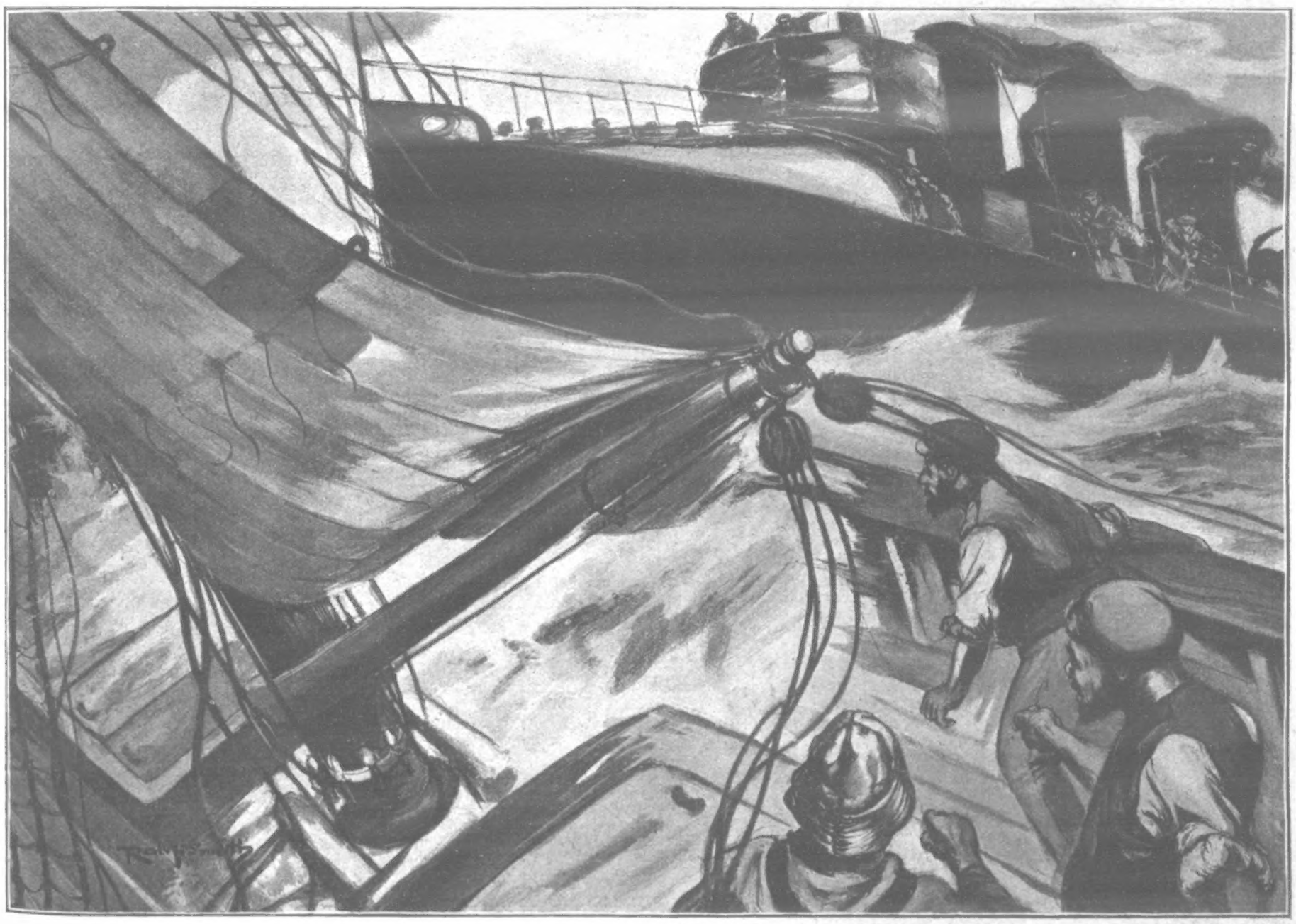
"FROM JAPAN."

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S PRETTY IDEA.



Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

AN EASTER EGG FOR RUSSIA.



THE DESTROYER "SPITEFUL" LEAPS ACROSS THE DECK OF THE KETCH "PRECIOSA": A Thrilling Moment.

The sinking of the barge "Preciosa" in the Solent by the destroyer "Spiteful" has been the subject of a trial by court-martial at Portsmouth. At the time of the accident Lieut.-Commander Abbott had gone below, leaving the destroyer in charge of Sub-Lieut. G. T. Saundby, who admitted that he did not fully carry out the orders he received from Lieut. Abbott. He thought he could clear the barge, but a puff of wind made her move faster than he expected. Lieut.-Commander Abbott was found guilty of an error of judgment, and ordered to be reprimanded. Sub-Lieut. Saundby has been deprived of six months' seniority and dismissed his ship. Two lives were lost in the accident.

IN MEMORY OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

PRIMROSE DAY.

Some amusing sketches by our artist in London.

IN "THE BOWER OF PURPLES."

MISS MADGE LESSING IN "ROSA ANNA."

Photos by Ellis and Walery; Music reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. M. Witmark and Sons, 186, Shaftesbury Avenue.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Easter this year will bring a host of novelties. First there will be "Romeo and Juliet," with Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard as the ill-fated lovers, Mr. Esmond as Mercutio, and Miss Mary Rorke as the nurse. On the same night Miss Ethel Irving starts her season at the Criterion. Easter Monday will bring Miss Maxime Elliott to the Lyric as the heroine of "Her Own Way." The Mermaid Society intend to open their campaign on the same night with "The Critic," and Mr. Tree begins his Shakespeare week at His Majesty's with some fine examples of the great poet, among them being "Richard III.," a character in which I expect Mr. Tree to make a great impression.

The Easter production at the Hippodrome will be an Arctic spectacle called "The North Pole," which will be a sensational piece of a fearful and wonderful character, introducing Hagenbeck's seventeen Polar bears, every one of these animals being over five feet in height, which is considered a good standard for a bear. I learn that these bears, unlike the Russian chief, are most teachable, and will show in their "North Pole" gambols at the Hippodrome feats of drollery and activity of a most amusing kind, while the scenic illusions representing the Arctic regions will surpass everything hitherto attempted at the Hippodrome. The new musical instrument the Armonipede should be seen—and heard—by all musical amateurs.

In the following week there will be great activity behind the footlights. On Thursday the American play, "Leah Kleschna," will be produced at the New Theatre, and Miss Lena Ashwell, as I suggested, will appear as the heroine; but Sir Charles Wyndham has not sufficiently recovered the use of his arm to make it safe for him to play the hero, a character to be sustained by Mr. Leonard Boyne. On the following night the new musical piece which Mr. Carson is rehearsing at the Strand will be ready, and on Saturday in Easter week the season of Sir Henry Irving will commence at Drury Lane with "Becket." On the same night M. Messager's new opera, which Mr. George Edwardes has finally named "The Little Michus," is due at Daly's Theatre.

After the performance of "John Chilcote," at the St. James's Theatre, and the appearance of Mr. H. de Vries in a new comedy from the German, entitled "Jasper Bright," there will be a brief lull, broken by Mr. Martin Harvey's "Hamlet," the third week in May, and "Business is Business," which Mr. Tree will produce later in May, the date not being yet positively decided upon. One thing I am glad to record—that excellent actress, Mrs. E. H. Burke is cast for the part of the financier's wife.

Mr. H. T. Craven, who died on Thursday last at Brixton, in his eighty-eighth year, was the oldest of our actor-dramatists. He made his *début* on the London stage in 1850 at Drury Lane, as Orlando, in "As You Like It," Mrs. Misbel playing Rosalind. In the following year he appeared at the Strand in an operetta, "The Village Nightingale," of which he was the author. He steadily continued to write, and in 1860 had decided to retire from the stage when the death of Robson, for whom he had written a part in "Milky White," induced him to appear in the character in 1864. His success was very decided. Perhaps his most effective play was "Meg's Diversion," produced at the Royalty in 1866. But he wrote several other plays, and also a novel called "Old Time," published in 1876. He was equally at home as a humorist or in pathetic scenes.

I spoke last week of the successful booking at Drury Lane for Sir Henry Irving's season. I have since learned that it is even more extensive than I had at first supposed. The cast has now been settled for "Becket." Here it is:

Thomas Becket ...	Henry Irving
Chancellor of England, afterwards Archbishop	
Henry II.	Mr. Gerald Lawrence
King of England	
King Louis of France	Mr. H. B. Stanford
Gilbert Foliot ...	Mr. F. D. Daviss
Bishop of London	
Roger	Mr. William Lugg
Archbishop of York	
John of Salisbury...	Mr. Mark Paton
Herbert of Bosham	Mr. James Hearn
Friends of Becket	
John of Oxford ...	Mr. T. Reynolds
Called the Swearer	
Sir Reginald Fitzurse	Mr. Frank Tyars
Sir Richard de Brito	Mr. G. Graystone
Sir William de Tracy	Mr. Lionel Belmore
Sir Hugh de Morville	Mr. Stephens
Knights, enemies of Becket	
Richard de Hastings	Mr. J. Archer
Grand Prior of Templars	
Lord Leicester ...	Mr. Vincent Sternroyd
Philip de Eleemosyna	Mr. W. J. Yeldham
The Pope's Almoner	
Countrymen	Mr. Charles Dodsworth / Mr. R. Brennan
Eleanor of Aquitaine	Mrs. Cecil Rayleigh
Margery	Miss Grace Hampton
Rosamund de Clifford	Miss Maud Fealy
Fair Rosamund	

Novelty is one of the main attractions at the "Coliseum." Mr. Oswald Stoll provided a surprise for His Majesty when he visited the theatre a few days ago. On alighting at the Royal entrance the King stepped into a beautifully decorated and furnished movable lounge, propelled and lighted by electricity. At a signal the lounge moves softly along on a track formed in the floor, through the salon and into a large foyer which contains the entrance to the Royal box. The lounge-car remains in position at the entrance to the box and serves as an ante-room during the performance.

A door of the lounge-car opposite that which serves as the entry to it opens into the box, and the entry door opens into the grand foyer, which is entirely closed in after the entrance of the lounge-car, and serves as the private foyer.

This room is beautifully decorated. It is furnished with lounge chairs and settees, palms and flowers, and brilliantly illuminated. From this foyer retiring-rooms are provided, fitted and furnished with every convenience and tastefully decorated.

Fact generally anticipates fiction, and it is rare that fiction so completely gives the lead to fact in a matter of so much importance as the coming meeting of the French and English squadrons. Nevertheless, for months past, in the big Empress Hall, at the Earl's Court Exhibition, a full-sized third-class cruiser has been rehearsing the meeting with the French Squadron in the Mediterranean and the firing of responsive salutes. As is appropriate to a naval exhibition organised by the leading experts in the land, the "cruiser" will be accurate in every detail, and be armed with four 4·7 guns—similar to those that saved Ladysmith, four 6-pounder Hotchkiss, and four ·303 Maxims, all quick-firers. Her binnacle, steam winch, and pumping gear are those that were used on the Antarctic ship, *Discovery*. About 800 people at one time will be enabled to make the passage to the Mediterranean, and in this cruiser witness the daily life on board a warship.

Photo, Campbell Gray.

A charming picture of MISS EVELYN BEAUMONT, who is understudying her sister, Miss Muriel Beaumont, in "The Walls of Jericho" at the Garrick Theatre, London.

Photo, L. C. Smith.

MISS MAGGIE MAY, who will act with Miss Adrienne Augarde in "Two Little Girls," to follow "The Cingalee" at Daly's Theatre.

On another page we give a portrait of the latest boy musician.

Robert Trebini is now nineteen years of age, of Italian parentage, and was born in Paris. He was sent to Prague, and placed under Prof. Sevcik, the famous master of Kubelik and Marie Hall. At the completion of his studies, about a year ago, he toured in the East. He received a command to play before the Sultan at Vildiz Kiosk, and before Trebini left the palace he had conferred on him the Grand Commander; Order of the Medjidie. He then returned to Paris, and made his *début* before 6,000 people at the Palais du Trocadero, the largest concert-room in that city. He made his English *début* at the Bechstein Hall on April 14th.

Mrs. Lewis Waller is a very decided lady, and having come to the conclusion that advertisements on the curtain between the acts of a play were degrading to the drama she would not allow the curtain to descend last week at the Camden Theatre, and the scene was changed in sight of the audience. But Mr. Robert Arthur, the lessee, being under contract to display the advertisements, has since acted with equal decision, and has closed the theatre and dismissed the audience. As Mrs. Lewis Waller quitted the theatre she addressed the departing visitors and was loudly cheered. But I am afraid the affair will after all end in the law courts, as the manager cannot easily break his commerical engagements.

"The Walls of Jericho" reaches its 200th performance on May 8th, and shows no signs of losing its hold on the public favour.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, L. C. Smith.

MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

An Excellent Furniture Polish.

Shake together in a bottle equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil, and apply a very little with a piece of flannel, and then polish off with a soft cloth. Remember that the polish should be applied sparingly, but not the "elbow grease," of which a good supply is needed if you would see your furniture looking its very best.

Piquante Fried Eggs.

Clarify some butter, and then fry some eggs in it. Trim them very nicely, place each on a croûton of bread the exact size of the egg, and pour over the following sauce. Fry a small shallot in a little butter for a minute, but do not let it take much colour, then add a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and reduce till the vinegar has nearly evaporated, then add a little good thick brown gravy, and a chopped tarragon leaf. Season all with salt, pepper, and sugar, and serve very hot. Garnish with chopped capers or parsley.

The Curse of Grumbling.

What a canker is grumbling! It eats into the very heart of happiness, and one grumbler is capable not only of ruining the peace of a whole family, but of destroying the harmony of a neighbourhood. The person who frets is never the repairer and healer of breaches and wounds, and his (or her) very approach acts banefully on the highly sensitive. The grumbler has the effect on the souls of others that a cold mist, more chilling than the most biting frost, has on the body. And when he is one of our own family, or a dearly-loved friend, then his repinings, even over the vagaries of the weather, seem almost like a personal reproach to us, and the joy goes out of life which becomes almost harder than we can bear. People call grumbling a minor fault, but it is surely rather to be regarded as a vice, for there is no other, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home

Superstitions for Mothers.

There is a world-wide prevalence of superstitions concerning babies that mothers are most careful to observe. For instance, a German child is carried upstairs after it has been born before it is ever taken downstairs. Should the child chance to come into the world in a room on the top floor the situation is maintained by the nurse mounting a chair or table, with the infant in her arms. Scotch babies are considered lucky if they handle their spoons with their left hands, and they will be very happy and successful in later years if they have a great number of falls before they are one year old Manxmen believe that if anyone walks round a baby or steps over it, the little thing will be dwarfed or dizened. A new-born Yorkshire child is placed in a maiden's arms before being touched by anyone else, in order to insure good luck; whilst in other parts of England people bind an infant's right hand, so that it may have wealth when it grows up.

Peeling Onions.

Peeling onions without tears seems an impossibility to some cooks. They may, however, do so by holding the onions under water during the operation, or else by sticking a small pared potato at the point of the knife used for the onions. In the one case the water, and in the other the potato, protects the eyes by absorbing that which so painfully affects them.

Don't Marry in Haste.

Again and again the question is asked, "Are long or short engagements best?" The answer obviously is that the longer the wooing, the more thoroughly will the man and woman know each other, and, therefore, the better is their chance of knowing whether they are likely to pull together happily in the double harness of matrimony. Of course, there is such a thing as going to extremes, and a too protracted courtship becomes a weariness to both man and maid. A happy medium may be struck in most things, and in court ship a year or so will generally be considered right. In that time the lovers may surely know whether they are suited to each other.

Dangerous Toys and Sweets.

Wise mothers are very careful in giving their children toys and sweets which they consider safe and wholesome, but even wise mothers sometimes are deceived on these points. A woolly or furry animal seems a safe toy for a baby, but the experience of a friend of mine shows it may be an exceedingly dangerous one. In six cases she found that the toy animals given to her baby had eyes made of glass-headed steel pins, about two inches long. As a baby almost invariably removes the eyes of its toy rabbit or cat at once—presumably to enable it to settle down in its new home—a toy of this kind is about as dangerous a thing as a baby can have. See to it, then, that pin-eyed animals are carefully excluded from your nursery. The dangers that may lurk in innocent-looking sweets was illustrated the other day in the person of a little boy of my acquaintance. He was allowed to go with his governess to a village shop to spend a penny in sweets. The small boy's fancy was attracted by some which looked like marbles, and which were supposed to be of sugar, and he went off, greatly pleased with his purchase. The sequel of the story was that the next morning the little boy was not at all well, and the doctor had to be consulted. Then it was discovered that the child had sucked one of the sweets for some time, but finally, being unable to bite it, had swallowed it whole. It was eventually recovered, a marble still, and not very much smaller than at the time of purchase. Others of the sweets remained in the bag which they were bought in, and I do not know of what they were composed, but only that the inner part of them was of some substance which looked like quartz, and that it could not be dissolved in water, which, of course, was not really to be expected, since it was unaffected by the gastric juices of the child's stomach. Sweets are a pleasure to children and good for them too, so I strongly advise their being allowed to have them, but in cases where the mother cannot depend on the purity of the local supply, she should start a home "tuck shop." Excellent barley sugar drops, brandy balls, and other wholesome sweets are to be had in sixpenny bottles from the various "stores," and these the mother might sell in pennyworths on Saturday afternoons, or whenever the little folks receive their weekly pocket-money.

Cucumber Soup.

Peel a large cucumber and lay it in cold water for about half an hour; then divide into pieces an inch thick. Place these in a stew pan, with salt and pepper to taste, two onions, a sprig of parsley, and sufficient veal or fowl stock to cover all. Simmer the contents of the stew-pan till the cucumber is tender, then take away the onion and parsley, and pass the rest through a sieve. Fry together, without browning, one ounce of butter and the same quantity of flour; on to this pour the cucumber purée. Bring to the boil while stirring, then add sufficient milk to make the soup of the right consistency. Just before serving add a beaten egg, with a tablespoonful of cream. Have ready dice of cucumber, which have previously been boiled in salted water till tender, and serve in the soup.

Devilled Cheese Toast.

Grate some cheese and pile thickly on some buttered toast; season with cayenne pepper and place small bits of butter on the cheese. Bake in a steady oven till nicely browned, and serve very hot

When cleaning windows don't forget to add a few drops of ammonia to the water. It will make your work easier and the effect will be better.

Don't keep food warm in the oven for late-comers to meals.

How to Warm Food.

A better plan is to put it on a plate or in a basin, cover it down with a tin, and stand it over a saucepan of hot water. In this manner the food may be kept hot without being dried up, as it is sure to be if put in the oven.

Chicken Cutlets with Mushrooms.

Remove the meat from the legs of a raw fowl and cook slowly in stock till nearly tender. Pound the raw meat to a nice pulp, add a little rich cream, a tablespoonful of white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, and the unbeaten white of one egg. Mix this panada thoroughly, and pass through a sieve. Butter little moulds, sprinkle with chopped truffles or pickled walnuts, fit into each a slice of the cooked fowl, cover with a layer of pounded chicken, then with a thin slice of ham. Cook the moulds in a shallow pan, which has enough boiling water to reach half up them, for fifteen minutes. Fry half a pound of mushrooms, peeled and broken in pieces, with the stems chopped fine, in one ounce of butter with a slice of onion. Drain out the mushrooms and onion and add a little more butter. When dissolved, stir in a heaped tablespoonful of flour with a wooden spoon, stir till all is frothy, then add half a pint of fowl broth and seasonings. When this has come to the boil, add the mushrooms and any odds and ends of cooked fowl cut in cubes. Add the beaten yolk of a raw egg, and pour over the cutlets on a hot dish.

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MISS GERTIE MILLAR, now appearing in "The Orchid" at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Five Minutes' Fun.

A farmer recently paid a visit to a neighbour, and as he passed along by the side of the fields he noticed that no scarecrows were visible. Meeting the neighbour a little further along, he said to him: "Good morning, Mr. Brown. I see you have no scarecrows in your fields. How do you manage to do without them?" "Oh, well enough," was the innocent reply. "You see, I don't need them, for I'm in the fields all day myself."

Young Poet: "What do you think of my spring poem?" Editor: "I think the spring you got it from must have been dry."

"Townley wearies me," said a friend—"he's for ever bragging about his grandfather." "Well," replied the old gentleman addressed, "that's no more than just. I remember his grandfather used to brag about him a great deal when he was a baby!"

Hostess, to new curate: "We seem to be talking of nothing but horses. Are you much of a sportsman?" Curate: "Really, Lady Betty, I don't think I ought to say that I am! I used to collect butterflies, but I have had to give up even that now!"

"Here," cried a low comedian when some footpads held him up, "it strikes me you're mighty familiar!" "Indeed. Well, here's something that will be more familiar," replied one of them, stuffing an old handkerchief into the victim's mouth. "What is it?" mumbled the actor. "It's an old gag!" replied the thief.

"What a white face your horse has, my man!" said an English tourist to an Irishman, by way of an opening. "Sure," replied the Irishman, "your own would be as white if it had been as long in the halter!"

"What is love?" asked the sweet girl, who was looking for a chance to leap. "Love," replied the old bachelor, "is a kind of insanity that makes a man call a two-hundred-pound female his little turtle dove!"

Why is a successful bridge-player a fascinating fellow?—Because he has such winning ways.

One of the directors of a large factory said to the manager. "That new man of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes," answered the manager, "that is his specialty." "What—working?" "No—seeming to!"

Young Lady: "Yes, dear! Papa wanted to know *how* we were going to live, and *where!*" Young Solicitor: "As to that, Mabel, I have one wealthy young client whose business alone will place us beyond the pale of prospective want!" Young Lady, joyfully: "Oh! George. I shall tell papa we are *going to live on a flat!*"

Her Husband: "I suppose a woman would have to be quite a philosopher to be indifferent to her appearance." She: "She'd have to be a lunatic!"

Train up a servant girl in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she's gone.

Mamma, to daughter: "You should not play with your brother's toy soldiers. Besides, you are getting too old to play with such toys." Daughter: "I am not playing with the common soldiers, ma, I am playing with the officers!"

Hook: "Jones is the most melancholy fellow I know." Rook: "I should think so, indeed. He proposed to a girl once by asking her how she would like to be his widow!"

Mrs. Dumpsey: "Our Bessie is the brightest child you ever saw. She picks up everything she hears." Mrs. Popinjay: "Something like our Willie. He picks up everything he sees!"

City Man: "There isn't much variety about farming, is there?" Farmer: "There's generally a new kind o' crop-destroying insect every year!"

The photo in the centre of our "Primrose Day" page is by Mr. C. A. Brightman, Venice Yard, Smith Square, Westminster.

IMPORTANT.

In the next number of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER the Editor will announce a most interesting prize competition, open to everybody.

FIRST PRIZE:

A MOTOR BICYCLE.

A thrilling tale of an invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD,

READ THIS FIRST.

John Steel, a docker, returns to his attic home after a futile search for work, and inveighs bitterly against the hordes of aliens who are allowed to flock to this country and undersell British labour. He lives in an alien quarter, among aliens, and his blood boils when he and his family are turned into the street by an alien landlord. The latter brutally points the alternative of the workhouse, and Steel strikes him, knocking him over the banisters and breaking his arm. Steel joins an unemployed anti-alien procession and collects for the funds. Lieutenant Richard Grenville (commanding H.M. Destroyer *Shark*), who is standing on the pavement with his newly-made bride, to whom he has just been secretly married against her father's wishes, drops a sovereign into his box, and, with profuse thanks, Steel passes on. He next appeals to a tall, military-looking man (one Captain Mahler, of the German Army), but is rudely refused. As he passes on Mahler speaks to another German named Schussler. "The spark is certainly smouldering," he says, eyeing the hungry crowd. "A mere spark would set the whole train in a blaze."

There is a fracas, started by the foreigner, and Grenville is arrested for assault. A riot is soon in progress and the hordes from London's slums swarm in the streets. Simultaneously a secret council is being held by Mahler in a little back room in Soho.

The discussion between one Captain Roon and Mahler shows how well laid have been all Germany's plans for an invasion. Mahler visits the Ambassador, who sends him with a code telegram to the Kaiser. An answer comes back. That answer contains but one word: "Strike!"

THE AWAKENING.

The command was obeyed with all the energy and strength of an enemy that had been long watchful and making ready.

When the opening blow was struck Great Britain was unprepared. For years the politicians had waged wordy war against each other about the Army and national defence. Well-meaning statesmen had fenced with the question of partial compulsory service to the State, but not one had been courageous enough to try and put his theories into practice. They were willing to admit the principle, but afraid to apply it, being vote-ruled.

The Army, ever since the war in South Africa, had been the plaything of those who did not understand it, and there were regiments which had never had more than a phantom existence in unworkable schemes on forgotten papers. A plan of Army re-organisation had been brilliantly projected upon the country, and the only result had been an increase of taxation. Day after day, week after week, month after month, orders and instructions were issued which no man could understand, and which, as soon as their meaning might at least have been guessed at, were quashed. Army corps came into existence, only to die an early death and be succeeded by other nebulous bodies with non-existent commanders.

Between Parliament and the War Office, the civilians and the soldiers who administered the Army, the land-fighting forces of the Empire were in a state of chaos. No man could lay his finger on the weakest spot, no man could suggest a prompt and efficient remedy. The Army was left to work out its own salvation and to blunder through towards better things.

The Volunteer force had sunk into a half-hearted officerless body of citizens whom nobody took seriously, and were by most people almost forgotten. Time which should have been given to the consideration of arms and accoutrements had been frittered away on grotesque head-dress and gaudy gold and silver trappings and ornaments which might have been the product of a musical comedy manager; but were more probably the creation of idle women of fashion with political connections.

The strength of the nation had been sapped by too much soft life, until it had come to pass that the young bloods who most furiously applauded banal patriotic music-hall patriotism were the first to pale at the suggestion of enforced service, however slight, in the interests of their country.

Spasmodically a duke or other high person who had worn khaki and witnessed war from afar would suggest in the columns of the Press a scheme of modified rifle-shooting in public-halls, coach-houses, or domestic cellars on the assumption, apparently, that if ever invasion was attempted enemies would accommodatingly present themselves as targets in these or similar retreats. There were to be miniature rifle clubs, which were to provide what was called the "greatest national game"—any makeshift except the real thing.

In a word, for want of due encouragement and leading the young men of the nation were useless as defenders of it. Sport absorbed the enthusiasm of every class. The man who could acquire a motor drove one, to the danger of himself and the peril of the populace; less-favoured persons infested golf-links, while the vast majority of men went mad on football or cricket, according to the season. In such unprofitable outlets the energy of a mighty people ran to seed and verged on ruin.

It was on the morning following the collision between the rioters and the authorities in Oxford Street that the nation awoke to its peril and recognised the danger that it had encouraged in its midst. Like the crack of doom it understood that it had been inefficiently protected by its responsible leaders, men whose personal ambitions had come before their country's good, and whose strength had been exhausted in controversy which led to little more than the withdrawal of vital Bills.

The morning newspapers came out as usual. One subject only occupied their attention, one cry alone was voiced in their leaders. The subject was the outbreak, the cry was a bitter regret that legislation had been such that a national danger like this had been even possible.

One or two writers who had been most virulent in asserting the usefulness of the alien and his equal right with Englishmen to live and work in England were the most clamorous for ruthless punishment.

Throughout the long afternoon and the longer night the riot spread and the flames of a burning London reddened the peaceful sky. By early morning there was not an engine in the metropolis which was not in desperate opposition, not a fire-float on the Thames that was not pumping furiously on some conflagration. It was an effort of gnats against a giant, for the overmastering flames swept all before them.

The extraordinary measure was adopted of summoning help from country towns, and provincial fire-brigades were hurried up to the capital. Those arrived most quickly which depended upon mechanical propulsion. True, one or two motor engines broke down on the road and were useless; but it was only because of the motor that brigades from any considerable distance were able to reach London at all.

Speedily following the demand for brigades came the urgent request for police assistance, and bodies of provincial constables were drafted into London, their own places being filled by citizens who were sworn in as special constables, and were distinguished by the badges on their arms and their truncheons.

From the Royal Dockyards the Metropolitan police were called in, their places being occupied for the time by the local constabulary.

In the crowded districts of the metropolis, where old streets were reeking with their packed populations, there was little help for life, and none for property. Rows of dismal brick houses, relics of an earlier age, were as tinder to a spark. The fire spread from one row to another and ran from street to street unchecked. The conflagration proved a holocaust, and the roaring of the flames was broken only by the shrieks of helpless victims.

Many of the narrow streets were glutted by the rescued articles of furniture, and from numberless windows other articles were being thrown or lowered in frantic haste, adding to the already hopeless confusion. Children screamed, women wailed and fainted, and on many an inaccessible floor some helpless invalid was burnt or suffocated.

It was a time of unprecedented horror, but only the forerunner of greater miseries and evils.

The first outbreak was at an early hour in the afternoon. From that time onward until midnight there was no suspicion that the whole of the terrible trouble was not solely due to the rioters themselves and the inevitable ungovernable temper of an infuriated mob. That large bands of aliens were amongst the active mischief-makers, if not the chief movers of the wrong-doing, was abundantly clear; but it remained for morning newspapers to indicate the nature of the calamity which had fallen on the capital of the country.

This took the form of a brief paragraph inserted just before going to press, and stating that by some means not yet known field guns had been posted on Primrose Hill, an eminence commanding the centre of the metropolis, and that a few shots, at any rate, had been discharged with appalling effect in the crowded streets.

The utmost endeavour to learn whence the guns had come or why they had been fired were ineffective, as all communication with artillery barracks had been cut off; but the assumption was that the guns had been brought to bear upon the rioters, and that odd stray shots had penetrated beyond the calculated radius of injury. A shell, it was afterwards discovered, had destroyed a motor containing three young men. They were officers of a crack regiment who had been for a run in the country, who had heard of some great and mysterious upheaval, and who were driving along Piccadilly, regardless of law and traffic. They were shattered just as their own regiment was parading and receiving ball ammunition.

The story of the placing of the guns was a wild theory, but appropriate to the wild excitement in which it was formulated, and for the moment it was more acceptable than the actual truth, which was that the weapons had been seized at St. John's Wood Barracks, where the troops had been surprised and overwhelmed.

So much was known when the morning papers came out, followed swiftly by the evening organs, which for once, at any rate, justified their delirious headlines and panic-placards.

It was not until somewhat later that, like a universal inspiration, came the unmasking of the real origin of the appalling trouble, the organiser and inspirer of the mischief, the nation which, under the guise of friendship, had been arming and preparing for the blow which had been struck so well and with such paralysing force.

"They have won the game for the present," said the man in the street, "but the day of reckoning will come, and we'll see who holds the trump-card then!" Meanwhile he groped blindly, seeking guidance and finding none.

John Steel, awed, smoke-begrimed and haggard, paused in front of one of these flaring bills. He had borne a leading share in the commotion, and had carried out his threat that he would be the means of lighting such a fire as had never before been known in England; but even in his most reckless moments he had never anticipated an outbreak like this—an outbreak so vast and far-reaching that it could have been equalled only by a cataclysm of nature. He loved his country with an intense affection, and for the moment he stood appalled at what looked like treason on his part. He was one of the few who even at this early stage saw the drift of what was happening, and who with unerring instinct could lay his finger on the real cause of the outbreak. And he was one of the few who knew that London had laughed while prophetic men had spoken warningly, and had gone about its daily money-making and its daily pleasure-seeking while its downfall was calmly planned and made ready for in the very heart of itself.

John Steel was standing at the bottom of a gloomy little street which led from the Strand to the Embankment. He turned his red, smarting eyes to the west and saw that the sky was black with smoke. The sun was behind the dense darkness, but where the sun's rays began and the lurid light of the burning buildings ended, John Steel could not tell.

He was standing on what was for the moment a deserted spot; for every living soul in the streets had hurried westward, where the fighting and turmoil were in most desperate progress. He gave a heavy sigh, half-sorrow, half-despair; then, sick at heart, struck out towards his little home in the East End.

He avoided the main thoroughfares and kept near the river, skirting the street which was at one time called the Ratcliffe Highway, and holding to his course until he reached his home.

His wife was awaiting him, tear-stained, terrified; the baby was clasped in her arms, sleeping restfully. It was a fine healthy infant, well-fed and well-cared-for, and was the one placid thing in that region which was fast becoming a centre of desolation and death.

"Come on, my lass," said Steel. "You must go home. This is no place for women an' childer." There was an unusual thickness and tremor in his voice.

He took her gently by the arm, and, bending over the little human bundle kissed it tenderly. There was a lump in his throat; but his voice had lost its huskiness when he said: "Now, don't ask questions an' don't say 'No.' Remember, lass, that at a time like this there can only be one gaffer. I say 'Go home,' an' you must go. I'll come on after."

"But when?" she almost whispered.

"When?" he echoed. "God may know that—but I don't. There's a flare-up wi' the foreigners yonder and it'll take a bit o' puttin' down." He pointed West as he spoke.

"But you'll come, too?" she asked pleadingly.

"Not till this bother's ended, lass," he answered. "If ever men were wanted in London they're wanted now. And if ever women an' childer were needed to go away now's the time for 'em to go. Come, my lass, be a woman, an' an Englishwoman. They're wanted just as much as Englishmen."

A dumb fear seized her; but she made no answer. After all, her husband had been a soldier, and she herself was the grand-daughter of a woman who had been through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns with her husband, a soldier, too, and had slept on many a stricken field. The spirit of the ancestor rose in the descendant, and she gave obedience to the only one who at such a time could be the master.

They walked quickly to King's Cross Station, and there they found strong and fresh evidence of the terror which was overwhelming London. By this time daylight had gone, and it was quite dark.

So far only part of the truth was guessed, for the night was yet young; but even now the feeble, the profligate, the rich and the cowardly were flying. A mad assemblage of motors, carriages, cabs, and pedestrians filled the station-yard and the approaches.

The confusion was intensified by the fact that for a considerable distance Euston Road was "up." The road-breakers had the task in hand of repairing the thoroughfare, and the old wooden blocks had been taken up and the under surface prepared for the new setts. These new blocks were stacked in long walls on each side of the roadway, on the edge of the pavement. Carriage traffic along the disordered track was impossible, and only with the utmost difficulty could the panic-stricken crowds progress along the pavements and across the roads to reach the great stations which led to the North and Midlands. On both sides of Euston Road the old, narrow, gloomy streets were congested with diverted traffic. Of police control and regulation there was practically none, for every available constable had been drafted into the great force which was hopelessly trying to quell the outbreak.

Trains were being sent away as far as possible according to time-tables, but the station staff was paralysed and depleted because of the rush of employes to the scene of the strife. It was announced that after the despatch of this particular train to the North another could not be guaranteed.

A feeble attempt was made to compel passengers to take tickets and to show them before the platform barriers, but a mad rush was made, the inspectors were overwhelmed, and the train was filled with frantic people.

John Steel pushed his wife, still clasping and protecting her precious bundle, into an already crowded first-class compartment.

A haughty woman came to the door. Even in that hour of incredible stress and strain she retained the narrow prejudices of her class and caste. "This compartment is a first," she said, "and it was reserved yesterday for me and my family."

"Then you've got a bigger family than you reckoned on, ma'am," answered Steel curtly. "Stop where you are, lass," he added to his wife. "Sit tight, an' don't move even if an angel from heaven comes cadgin' for a seat—much less a woman like this, who, whether she knows it or not, is one of them 'at are responsible for this devilment! But your pride will be clipped, ma'am, before you see the end of this. Mark my words on that point."

She sank back, routed and helpless, and for the whole of the journey North was tearfully speechless.

The train started at the moment when Steel finished his sentence, and dragged its long length from the platform and raced into the country—the last passenger train for many a long day to leave the station.

John Steel breathed more freely as he set his face towards the West, for wife and child had gone into a remote Yorkshire village, and would be at least safe and in comfort, while he was left to help in the stern fight which had been so unwittingly begun.

London had been sleeping long, and this was the great awakening.

THE FIRST PANIC.

When Captain Mahler saw how comprehensive the fire was which had been kindled he gave way to an outburst of delirious satisfaction.

At last his hatred of England had found adequate expression—the expression of bringing about actual hostilities. And with the facuous and unreasoning confidence which he shared with many of his countrymen he believed that this was the beginning of a gigantic triumph for his own nation.

Their purpose was to crush the power of Great Britain, to free the world from what they called an intolerable yoke—ignoring the fact that they designed to substitute an insufferably heavier burden.

Because the sluggish animal they had pin-pricked so often and so relentlessly had not retaliated, they assumed that it was either incapable of retaliation or was crippled by fear.

The opening blow had been delivered—the first fierce wound had been struck at the sleeping animal. And the animal, so it seemed, slept on. There was this unparalleled outburst in the heart of the country, and for the present the country refused to be alarmed. The danger was grave, but not insurmountable. Loss had to be borne, but the country was rich and the loss would not be felt. The peril was suspected, but not fully recognised. Not even the most pessimistic Englishman had suspected that it was possible for such a thing as an organised alien rising to take place in the heart of his capital, and yet when the danger became fully known he wondered how it could have happened that he had ever overlooked it.

The state of things when, after a sleepless night, Mahler watched the morning break in the east, was satisfactory even to his own greedy spirit.

Throughout the hours of darkness he had been incessantly busy, putting into operation and perfecting the plans which had been 'drawn' up by the Secret Committee of Preparation. He had thrown himself into the work with a whole-hearted energy and enthusiasm which he managed to communicate to every other German officer and soldier with whom he had come in contact. He possessed in a rare degree the power of personal magnetism and of making people believe in him, and he exercised his power to the utmost.

The telegram had come—"Strike!"—and even now, when armies of men and women in the suburbs and the outskirts were getting ready for the rush to town, the great blow was ready for deliverance, and earlier blows had been struck.

Secret messages by personal delivery were sent to the foreigners who formed the backbone of the alien army, and in obedience to the summons they assembled. There were cases, not a few, of men who through cowardice or other motives refused to obey, and hastened to seek protection from their adopted country; but for the most part willing obedience was given, since cautious care had been exercised in the selection of the individuals who were to form the alien army. They were men whose hatred of the English was deep and lasting.

In the heart of Bloomsbury there are many public squares and enclosed gardens. In the squares themselves there are fine old trees which at this time of the year were in full leaf. Looking from the pavements in the prime of summer time the vegetation is so dense that you cannot penetrate it and see what is going on in the middle of the squares.

The squares are surrounded by iron railings, and access to them is gained by iron gates. These gates are always locked, each tenant of the houses overlooking the squares having a key which gives the means of entrance.

Such squares as these are known to every visitor and resident—Russell Square, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury Square, Tavistock Square, Woburn Square, Gordon Square, Brunswick Square—all within a small radius, and all connected with each other by straight and unobstructed streets.

Over and above these public squares are enclosed green places of which the ordinary dweller never sees a sign.

These are the squares or gardens which lie in the heart of Bloomsbury, entirely surrounded by tall houses and hotels. They had been formed within very recent years by removing densely crowded areas of squalid little

houses and extensive mews, and, while adding beauty to the heart of London, they have furnished breathing spaces. From the very moment of their completion their usefulness and value in connection with an alien rising had been recognised by Mahler and his fellows, and now the usefulness was being put to a very practical test. It was a test which fully justified the hopes which had been held regarding the squares. Only through an ornamental gateway can a glimpse be got, except from the windows which overlook them.

These enclosed squares are beautifully kept lawns, intersected and broken up by gravel paths and ornamented with flower-beds. They are kept rigidly private, and no person except the gardener or an agent is ever seen on them. They are meant as breathing-spaces and as pleasant objects for the eye—and they serve these purposes thoroughly well.

It was in these open and enclosed squares, in the darkness of the early morning, that the alien army first assembled. Everything favoured the gathering of the enemy. The surrounding houses and hotels held scarcely a soul, for the terrible commotion in the capital had drained certain districts of their residents, and there had been an unexampled exodus to all the main-line stations. Tourists had departed in thousands, and regiments of visitors from the country had packed up and gone home.

The English Channel boats were crowded with flying foreigners, and the Irish Channel boats had scarcely standing room on their decks.

Most of the houses and hotels were suddenly emptied, and those in which a few people still remained were watched over by alien sentries, men who had been detailed from their duty as soon as the order to mobilise the alien battalions had been issued.

From some of the windows overlooking the squares pale-faced residents and visitors watched the shadowy forms assembling—heard the clash of arms and the subdued, excited voices of officers and men. They gazed in terrified amazement, with rare exceptions, not comprehending and not believing even when they knew that these armed men were not English.

This in the heart of London, the capital of the Empire, with no rumour of war in the air even! It was grotesque, impossible! Men had never known the like—and the oppressive dream would pass away. Such was their attempt at personal comfort.

In a top-floor bedroom of a hotel overlooking an enclosed square a bronzed and stalwart man was sleeping—a young bearded man of thirty. He was an Australian by birth, born and bred on a sheep station, and he had just come "home" for the first time. His window was under the top landing of a great iron fire escape which had been built outside the building so that in case of need visitors could safely descend to the square.

He was tired with his travel and went to bed and to sleep immediately after dinner. He slept on for some time, unconscious of the rioting and fighting not far away; then he turned uneasily in bed, for strange noises assailed him. He rose up in bed and listened. Unable to understand the commotion, he went to his window, and there, in the darkness, he saw the assembled companies, which had entered the square through the gateway which led from the busy public thoroughfare, and the lock of which had been easily forced. Again the deserted street had made it possible for these companies to congregate.

He rushed to the door and stepped on to the landing which gave access to the top platform of the escape—a hundred feet above the ground.

A man with a rifle instantly stopped him. He recognised in the man the waiter who had attended him at dinner, although the black coat had been replaced by a khaki jacket, khaki trousers, and a slouch hat.

The man looked what he pretended to be—a British soldier, for even the collection of khaki clothing had been made possible in a country which had given the alien as much freedom as a home-bred Englishman, and in many cases had dealt even more gently with him.

"What the devil's up?" demanded the Australian, by name Gordon Jennings.

For answer the alien ported his rifle. "You cannot come here—you must go back to your room. I thought it was locked! All the others are!" He spoke in English and spoke arrogantly. A few hours ago he had had the demeanour of a menial, now he adopted the air and manner of a master.

"Can't come! Go back to my room! And told by you, a dirty guy of a disguised German waiter! What fool's game are you playing? Do you suppose you're in a theatre—or are you a lunatic?" exclaimed Jennings.

"Americans are not to be hurt—it is only the English!" explained the waiter. "But I am ordered to shoot anyone who tries to get away. Those are our commands, and I shall obey them."

"Your instructions? Who are you?" demanded Jennings, hopelessly bewildered.

"One of the Alien Army," answered the man unguardedly.

The instinct of his station and bush life told Jennings that here was a danger, which, even if he did not understand it, was a very real and present peril.

"Stand back!" he ordered. "Let me see for myself!"

The man protested, and made a threatening movement with his rifle.

Instantly Jennings seized the weapon and tore it from the hands which held it. He flung the khakied waiter violently and contemptuously from him.

Grasping the rifle by the barrel he dashed to the top iron platform of the escape and leaned over. For two speechless moments he gazed at the crowd—then looked towards the lurid sky and listened to the appalling cries which came towards him from the West.

He rubbed his eyes—no, it was not a dream. He opened the jacket of his pyjamas, so that he might feel cooler and think more closely. To do this he put down the rifle.

Instantly there was a stealthy movement behind him, and a hand was laid on the butt.

"By heaven, I believe you're right!" said Jennings, turning and snatching the rifle back. "I believe there is an alien rising. I've heard men prophesy it, and I've come home in time to see it! A pretty home-coming!" He laughed harshly.

"Go back into your room," said the trembling figure in khaki. "You will be spared—you are American."

"American!" cried Jennings. "American! I'm English through and through! A son of the old mother, and—and——"

He stopped, for the man had rushed at him and tried to drag him back.

"Go to your room!" shouted the man in frenzy.

"You go to your fellow vermin!" retorted Jennings.

He seized the khaki form and mercilessly lifted it above his head. There was a wild cry of terror as he flung it away from the platform, and a wilder, deeper cry as the sentry fell to the ground at the feet of his assembling countrymen. They looked up, but seeing nothing they assumed that he had overbalanced and fallen, and as he was beyond their help he was left where he lay. One or two medical men, aliens, too, hurried up to him, and with one or two grumbled observations, returned to their places.

Jennings rushed back to his bedroom, rapidly dressed, and without giving a thought to his own possessions made his escape from the hotel. He did not attempt to go down to the main entrance, as every landing was, he saw, guarded by sentries. He ascended from the top of the platform, by means of an iron ladder, walked along the flat roof, descended to a lower building with a flat roof also, and boldly entered the open window of a bedroom under the roof—a window which was like the cabin hatchway of a small steamer.

The bedroom was empty, and the house appeared to be deserted. The residents had gone away in confusion leaving the servants, and the servants had locked themselves up in their rooms in the basement.

Jennings walked down the stairs, crossed the hall, and, pulling back the latch, let himself into the street, closing the door behind him.

Even yet it seemed as if he dreamt, but the fire in the sky and the cries from the West, together with what he had just witnessed, told him too plainly of the hideous reality.

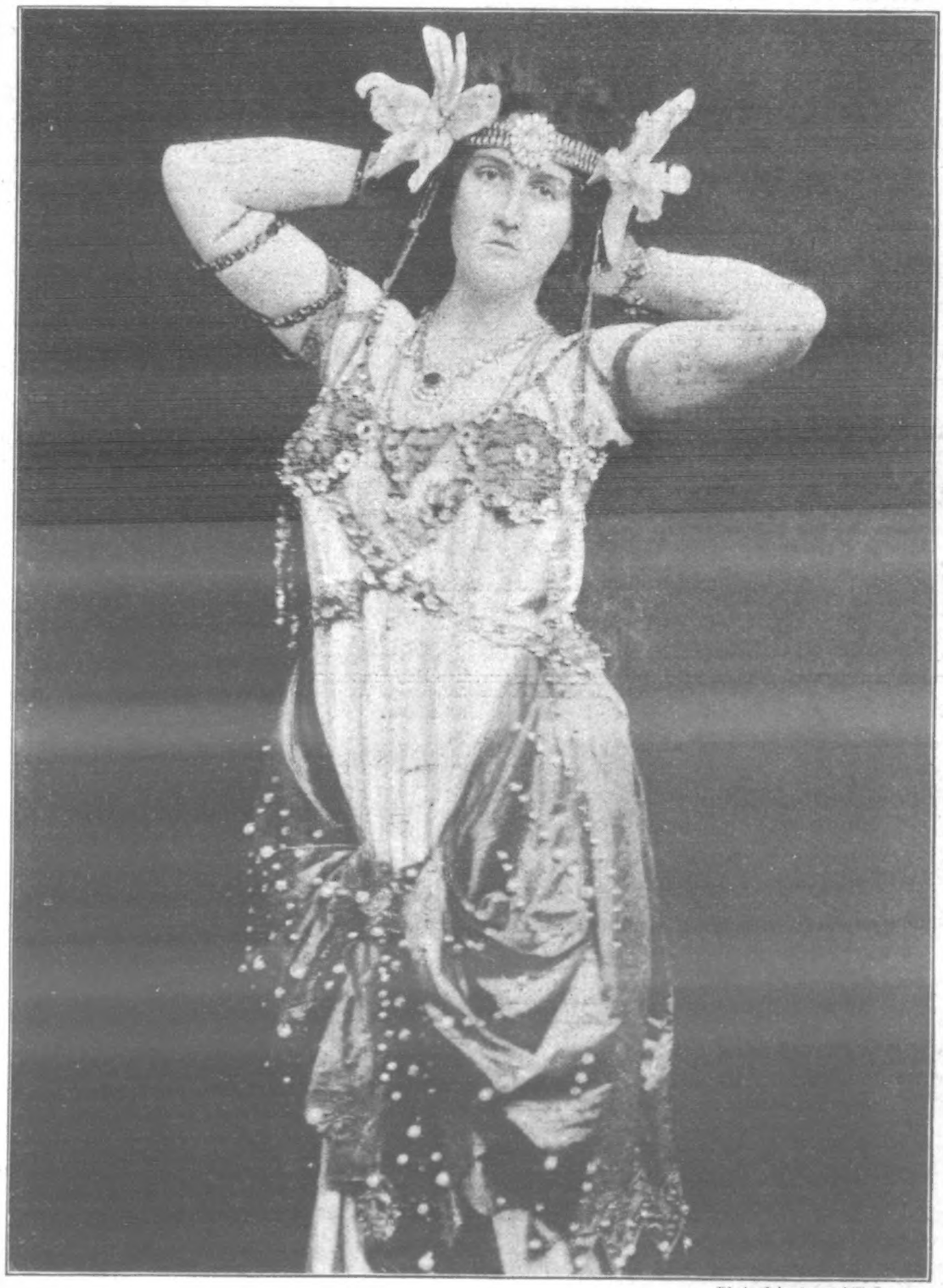
He ran into Oxford Street and made his way through the congested traffic towards a dense crowd which had gathered near a huge burning building.

There seemed to be a lull in the strife, but he saw that there had been a stern conflict of some sort, for in and amongst the wheels of the vehicles which still littered the streets the forms of men, and women, too, were lying. Here and there also was the still figure of a child.

Troops had been summoned, and having been driven to an extremity, had fired. At first the firing had been by a single file, then two files had fired; and as the danger grew the number had gradually risen until at last two ranks of Guards, drawn quite across the street, had fired together, the front rank kneeling, and the rear rank standing. For the time being that discharge had proved effective, for it had swept the great broad street like a hail of sleet, and had littered the asphalt with human forms. Horses had been killed in their shafts, and so far as a couple of miles away chance bullets had struck scared people who were looking out of windows towards the burning West.

Jennings, full of the sinister spectacle which he had witnessed, pushed through the crowd until he got clear of the edge of it. Then he came upon a line of soldiers, red-coated, bear-skinned men, with rifles and fixed bayonets, and haversacks and pouches. They were resting after their labours.

(To be continued.)



Photo, Johnston and Hoffmann.

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Pen Portraits

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Sowing Grass with Corn.

When farmers wish to grow a grass crop it will usually be found more economical to sow it with corn, even if the grass somewhat suffers for a time, as there is a great saving of labour in preparing the land, and real economy of land, for when the grain is harvested, and sunlight is thereby let in upon the grass plants, they are ready and waiting to grow up and yield a stubble crop in the autumn.

The Aster.

The many varieties of the aster are now held in the highest estimation throughout the floral world, and, since they were introduced into England by the late Mr. James Carter, continuous skilful cultivation has produced the present phenomenal development in form and colour. In most gardens seed will have been sown for some time, but they should not be planted out later than June. Treated in the same way as dahlias and their very near relatives, chrysanthemums, they require beds of good soil, heavily manured, and deeply trenched. They will do in ordinary garden soil, however, and should be freely planted in mixed borders and among shrubs, which they will brighten in the late summer.

Cutting the Spurs of Poultry.

A Manchester correspondent recommends the following method of removing the spurs of poultry which are too pugnacious: "The best way to remove the spurs, which causes no pain whatever, is: Get two potatoes, roast them in the oven (with their jackets on) until they are as hot as they can be possibly got, push one on each spur right up to the leg, and hold them on, say, for five or six minutes; then with a sharp penknife nick all round the thick end of the spur, push the point of the knife in the end of the spur and give it a slight twist, and the spur will come off, leaving the quick, which will dry up."

A Hedge for a Poultry Run.

A hedge of the common privet is in better taste than mere divisions for an ornamental poultry yard. Plant the longest plants of it you can buy, a foot apart, next September or October; the place to be trenched on purpose for the hedge, say a space not less than a yard wide and 2ft. deep. I once planted a hedge of the kind with plants 4ft. high, and very loose and straggling they were, so much so that I had to put down a stake in the centre of the hedge at every 10ft., and run a rope yarn from stake to stake—to which the privet was tied—to keep the plants in anything like shape for the first twelve months. After that they bore the shears, and did well. But if you are near a good nursery you might get a privet hedge ready made. If so, contract with the nurseryman to move it for you, he to be responsible for it growing. Indeed, I see clearly enough that your cheapest course would be to get someone who understands the thing properly to trench the ground and plant the privet for you.

A Fine Hardy.

The Nicotiana Sanderæ is aptly described as the hardy annual of the century. There is nothing approaching it among Nicotiana in point of bloom, nor in its graceful and copiously branching habit. The whole plant is laden with flowers from base to summit—literally ablaze with most handsome carmine-red blossoms, thousands of which are produced on a single plant. Its combined hardiness and character of producing flowers continuously in all kinds of soil and situation under all circumstances are undeniable recommendations; and I know of no plant that produces such an abundance of blossoms for the little care that is necessary to bestow on it. This valuable novelty is undoubtedly destined for universal use, and everyone can grow it successfully. It is a plant for the million, possessing all the best qualities of Nicotiana affinis, with myriads of lovely Calanthe-like blossoms. It is decidedly much more branching in habit, and of far greater floriferousness than any other Nicotiana. Although the odour of Nicotiana Sanderæ is not so powerful as that of its white parent, yet there is a decidedly delicious, sweet scent.

Farmers and Fertilisers.

A farmer should first take care that all the farmyard manure produced on his farm is utilised, and should see that this valuable source of fertility is not wasted, says a writer in the *Mark Lane Express*. It is a good thing if he can improve the quality of the manure by feeding with cakes, &c.

When he has estimated what supplies of fertilising material he has from this source he is in a position to calculate how much commercial fertiliser is required to supplement the farmyard manure, and he will remember that a liberal supply of suitable nourishment to his crops is just as good policy as a generous supply of food to his stock. Then, after consideration of the condition of his soil and the requirements of the crops he is going to grow, he can decide what fertiliser he requires, and which sort is the most advantageous in view of the current market price of the different kinds. If his soil is supplied by Nature with sufficient available potash, it will be a useless outlay to buy kainit or a fertiliser containing a large percentage of potash salts, and he can choose the cheapest source of nitrogen, bearing in mind that if this should be sulphate of ammonia it must be applied earlier than nitrate of soda would be.

The farmer who carefully studies all the sides of the matter, and uses commercial fertilisers with discrimination, is the man who gets a profit out of them; and the farmer who just buys a fertiliser because it is pressed upon him by an enterprising seller is the man who afterwards says that he does not see any good in chemical manures.

Instruction in Poultry Farming.

The prospectus of instruction in poultry keeping at the University College, Reading, and the College Poultry Farm, Theale, just issued, contains a list of the different courses arranged, which are designed to meet the requirements of students of all grades. The theoretical instruction is given at the College, and the practical work at the College Farm at Theale. The latter, which is also used as an experimental station, is five miles from Reading, and consists of about forty acres, a large portion of which is meadow land. The photos shown in the prospectus, which can be obtained from the Registrar of the College, indicate that the farm is well-equipped. These courses include: (1) Short courses of five weeks, which may be extended by practical work to twelve weeks; (2) terminal courses, extending over ten weeks, in which, in addition to the lectures upon aviculture, instruction is given in soils, manure, and pastures, in avicultural zoology, and the chemistry of foods; (3) the most advanced course is the certificate in aviculture granted by the Oxford and Reading Joint Committee, which occupies about twelve months, and includes instruction in general agriculture, the terminal course in aviculture, and three months' practical work upon the farm. Other courses are arranged occupying six and twelve months respectively. The next terminal course will begin on Thursday, April 27th. It is noted that the practical work includes breeds and management of stock, natural and artificial methods of hatching, rearing, feeding, and fattening; students are also trained in the killing, shaping, dressing, and trussing of table poultry. Special attention is given, as far as time permits, to carpentry, inclusive of the erection of houses, making of coops, the selection of birds for breeding, and judging the qualities. Discussion and lecture classes are also held, and excursions to poultry farms arranged during the course. A list is published of students who have passed the examinations, showing the positions they now hold, from which it is evident that the work at the College has had an important influence in the training of instructors and managers of poultry farms.

RIVAL MUDLARKS.

The Mudlark (to old gentleman who has fallen from the breakwater): "No good, guvner; yer too late. I've got the ha'penny."

Photo, London Stereoscopic.

Marcello, the Manx Walking King, with his dog.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. R. W.—No, your friend is wrong in his contention. The Foreign Enlistment Act, which was passed in 1819, forbids British subjects to enter the military service of a foreign state without special permission.

Widow (Preston).—If your income from all sources does not exceed £160 a year you are exempt from the tax. Income tax is payable on January 1 each year. You should place the other matter you mention in the hands of a solicitor without delay. We cannot give you legal advice.

Club Reader.—County councils were established in England by the Local Government Act of 1888, and in Ireland by the Local Government (Ireland) Act of 1898. The London County Council staff at the central offices numbers over 1,000. Make a written application to the head office.

E. S. W. (Manchester).—The population of the Isle of Man is about 54,758, and the Channel Islands about 95,841. The population of the United Kingdom at the time of the last census in March 1901 amounted to 41,454,578 persons, showing an increase of 3,721,656 compared with the population recorded at the previous census in 1891.

Foreign Reader.—No doubt the direct cause of the Russo-Japanese war was the evasive procrastinating policy pursued by the St. Petersburg Government with regard to the repeated demands made by the Mikado's Ministers for some guarantee as to the independence of Korea and the fulfilment of Russia's promise to evacuate Manchuria. The Japanese felt that their independence was at stake.

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